THE NEW SPIRIT IN EGYPT

H. Hamilton Fyfe

The New Spirit in Egypt

The New Spirit in Egypt

BY

H. HAMILTON FYFE

"On all great subjects much remains to be said."
—John Stuart Mill.

William Blackwood and Sons
Edinburgh and London
1911

TO LORD NORTHCLIFFE HEARTY THANKS, BOTH FOR THE OPPORTUNITY TO STUDY EGYPT, AND FOR PERMISSION TO MAKE USE OF A NUMBER OF ARTICLES WRITTEN FOR 'THE DAILY MAIL.'

CONTENTS.

THE NEW SPIRIT IN EGYPT.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is only one study which is more fascinating than the study of the lives of men—that is the study of the lives of nations. A man's career may be full of incident; its vicissitudes may have been romantically varied; the unfolding of character, the play of temperament, the formation of ideals, may cause the pages of a book to throb and quiver with life. How much more—for those whose minds are trained to grasp it—the development of a nation, the growth of national consciousness, the interaction of the forces which mould the destiny of a race! As are

the lives of men, so are the histories of nations. There is a period of youth, of inexperience, of struggle. There is an age of maturity, of power. There is a long decline into weariness and impotence and death.

. . . .

What makes the life of a nation more interesting, and at the same time more difficult to follow, than the life of a man? It is the fact that it spreads over so much longer a space of time, and has so many more ups and downs. The stages are not distinct. There are revivals of energy, re-awakenings of national spirit, after long years of decadence. The curve is only perceptible by those who view it steadily and whole. The same law governs all organisms, whether simple or complex. Youth, maturity, decline — that is the inevitable process. The forest is subject to the same influences which affect the individual tree.

. . . .

Of all nations the Egyptians have the most

interesting history, for the reason that we can trace it farthest back. While the Greeks were still mere shepherds, and the Romans wild marshmen, before the Jewish race existed, and while Europe was primeval forest, the Egyptians were a civilised and powerful race. Their armies and their fleets swept over the known world. Their wise men penetrated Nature's secrets; their art dignified both life and death. In sculpture and design they left memorials of their genius at which we marvel still to-day. Their lawgivers framed a system suited to their situation. Their religious philosophers, such as Akhnaton, anticipated the noblest theologies of later times.

. . . .

For many centuries the Egyptians kept the leading place among nations; then, by slow degrees, they sank into decrepitude. At times, under some stimulating influence, they seemed about to regain their lost dominion, but it was never more than a

passing flicker of the ancient spirit. They were enslaved first by one more vigorous, more youthful people, then by another. The Persians, the Macedonians, the Greeks, the Romans, each held them down in turn. Finally, they fell beneath the heel of the Turk. It was from this pitiable servitude that Britain rescued them. They were set upon their feet once more; their ancient prosperity was restored to them. Free and equal justice was substituted for tyranny and corruption. In thirty years the whole aspect of the country has been changed by British rule.

. . . .

Thus a new spirit has arisen among the Egyptians, a new spirit which manifests itself in many different ways. Secure from oppression, they have vastly increased their national wealth. Thanks to systematic and scientific irrigation, the land in many parts has doubled its value. Industry and enterprise have sought to take advantage of

altered conditions. The ideas of educated Egyptians have, in the words of Riaz Pasha, "taken a new development in the direction of science and progress."

. . . .

Seeing these changes, some people in Britain are inclined to believe that our task in Egypt is nearly done. They hear a demand proceeding from a small but voluble class of Egyptians for independence and self-government, and they are inclined to sympathise with it. The object of this little book is to note some of the tokens of the New Spirit, to correct some of the misapprehensions to which it has given rise, and to discuss the duty of Britain under the altered conditions of the country where her sons have set up so splendid a monument of British energy and British skill.

CHAPTER I.

THE GREEN TRIANGLE.

"Out of the unknown south,
Through the dark lands of drouth,
Far wanders ancient Nile in slumber gliding. . . .
. . . .
Long since, before the life of Man
Rose from among the lives that creep,
With Time's own tide began
That still mysterious sleep,
Only to cease when Time shall reach the eternal deep."
—HENRY NEWBOLT.

AT half-past five there is a peremptory tapping on my cabin-door, and the steward's voice says we are close to Port Said. I tumble up to the deck. It is still dark. We are steaming dead slow through the grey-green water. Ahead is a constellation of many-coloured lights. The air is warm and wooing. It was cold all the way from Marseilles until we got under the lee of Crete. Now we

can feel the hot breath of Africa on our cheeks.

Half an hour later and we cast anchor. Instantly the boats which have been hovering round (like vultures waiting for some huge beast to drop) come clinging to the ship's side. With simian agility, scores of villainous-looking, petticoated Arabs clamber up by ropes and swing themselves over the gunwale. They might be pirates boarding us to steal and slay. But their looks belie them. They are gentle creatures. Their intent is no more harmful than to carry ashore our baggage and sell us such things as no sane man could want to buy at six o'clock in the morning. Meantime we snatch a hurried breakfast in the half light.

Before we land the bunkers are open, and from big barges a crowd of blackened natives, clothed chiefly in coal dust, are rushing up planks and hurling fuel in. They work with the energy of men possessed. At night, lit up by flares, they flicker like demons in an inferno of hard labour. In the bright morning they

go at it even harder, though. The overseer's eye gleams craftily upon them. He can see exactly when there is a chance to speed them up.

Port Said is not the place one would choose for a honeymoon. Yet even its squalor has a well-to-do air. Its streets seem to say, "Don't think we are poor. We are dirty because we like it better." It has a very decent hotel or two, and when you get to the railway station you may well be surprised. Here order and cleanliness reign. Smart officials, dusky but severely business-like in their European uniforms, point the way to a comfortable corridor train. For a long time British energy struggled desperately with the utter confusion in which it found the Egyptian railways after Ismail's bankruptcy. Every penny of gross profits that could be seized without putting the enterprise out of action was laid hold of by Egypt's creditors. But patient endeavour won out at last. New stock gradually replaced worn-out engines and

dilapidated carriages. Fares and rates were lowered, with the result of attracting more traffic. At the time of the occupation the net earnings of the railways were £693,000. In 1909 they were well over a million and a quarter. In 1907 they passed a million and half even. The goods trains and substantial stations are an outward and visible sign of England's work in Egypt, very pleasant to the traveller just arrived. So after the usual squabble among a dozen Arabs, Sudanese, Syrians, and other picturesque barefooted ruffians in blue or white shirts, who all claim to have carried our bags, we settle down for our four and a half hours' journey to Cairo, and the train pulls punctually out.

For an hour we run alongside the Suez Canal, through the desert sand. Recollect what Egypt really is—in the midst of sand a fertile triangle with a fertile ribbon running up from its apex, won from the wilderness by the Nile water on its way to the Mediterranean. Here, we are on the edge of the

triangle. Across the canal the Arabian Desert shimmers in the hot sun. Gradually on the other side of the line cultivation spreads, until at last we are running through a fat country that it does one's heart good to see. Year by year the *fellahin*, the peasants, have found their labour yield them more and more increase. Under settled government on steady Western lines, instead of a system depending on the unchecked whims of incompetent, wildly spendthrift rulers, the fellah knows where he is. He can make profits for himself, not only for the tax-gatherer. He exports vegetables to Europe. His cotton crop, vastly increased by economy of Nile water, is a source of great wealth to the land. He can harvest two or three crops a year off the same field. Never has the Delta, the triangle, been more prosperous than it is to-day.

In the warm scented air we see Bible pictures all along the line. There is the sower. There are Rachel and Leah at the well,

balancing their earthen pitchers on their well-set black heads. There is Balaam riding on his ass, and there David minding his flock of long-haired sheep. These wooden ploughs are the same as Abraham used, and very likely he yoked together a camel and a buffalo to trace his furrows, as this farmer does near Abu-Hammad. Beside one plough squats a negro in white, with a tall Turk in brilliant blue gown and scarlet turban standing motionless: they are taking a minute's rest. Along the roadway through the vivid green fields a herd of sheep, goats, kine, and donkeys is driven by half a dozen fat children in fluttering cotton shirts.

There is plenty of live stock in evidence. In many of the queer brown villages of flat-roofed mud houses new mosques have sprung up, and solid building with brick or stone is going on. Brick-kilns are busy. The fields are dotted with workers, men and women, side by side. Oxen turn the water-wheels which irrigate the land. Once or twice a steam-plough is seen,

marvellous for Egypt—as it used to be. A fellow-traveller speaks heartily of the difference between now and ten years ago. At the stations, which are being built up more substantially, there are more signs of change. Peasant passengers are waiting on all the platforms. They wear stout, side-spring boots, which have a comical air beneath their cotton robes. Perhaps a European overcoat will complete the costume, with turban finishing it off at the top. I wonder whether the advertisement of "Breezy Bognor" in one of the stations is meant to tempt them. There may be stranger things in the future than that.

Pondering all these things, I hear an English voice from the wearer of a tarbush or fez—an English official in the Government service. And presently a handful of British soldiers in khaki tumble into the train. Here are the creators of the New Spirit. Then I think of the statue of De Lesseps which I saw in the dim dawn at the entrance to Port Said. Yes, French genius contributed too. French genius, which pierced

the isthmus and put Egypt on the highroad to India and Australia and the Far East; British love of order, which took the financial tangle in hand and straightened out its threads, which gave the native army a backbone, which introduced method and reduced chaos to common-sense,—these are the dominant notes in the new chord which vibrates through the green triangle and the green ribbon which runs up from the triangle's apex along the great river.

Here is one result of the vibration—this fine railway station of Cairo, with its wide-spanning single arch. Next minute we are driving through the spacious square outside with its crowds of loafing Orientals, its strings of camels, its hurrying throng of red-fezzed Egyptian effendim in European clothes. So into the world-famous Kamel Street and down we get at Shepheard's Hotel.

CHAPTER II.

CONTRASTS IN CAIRO.

"Cairo of the Mouski and of mediævalism is disappearing; and villadom, begirt with bougainvilleas, is stretching out along the Nile, an ever-advancing arm."—Sir AUCKLAND COLVIN.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago Cairo was an Oriental city. To-day it is a mixture, an amazing mixture, of East and West. Sit on the terrace of one of the great hotels on the Kamel Street for half an hour at any time of day and you will see in the passing show the most extraordinary medley that the modern world has known. Here dashes a taxicab, and scrambling out of its way is a man on a donkey, who looks as if he came straight out of the Book of Exodus. He jogs along with a dignified air. You meet men riding on donkeys in every street. There are stands for these

patient animals, just as we have stands for cabs. You can hire them as we take a hansom.

After the donkey come smart motor-cars and carriages, in which wealthy Cairenes are taking the air. They might be in Piccadilly or the Avenue des Champs-Elysées. Then suddenly there is a stoppage of the traffic. What is that wailing noise? It comes from a body of ragged-looking men, beggars apparently, who are shuffling along three or four abreast. They wear white turbans over brown cloth skull-caps. Their dirty robes of white or blue reveal bare legs beneath. Behind them comes a more respectable procession, all men, some in European clothes with the red tarbush or fez, some in long garments of striped silk, showing at the neck a neat embroidered waistcoat. And see, following them again is a bier covered by a coloured cloth and borne upon men's shoulders.

It is a funeral, a poor man's funeral. A

well-to-do corpse would have a number of mourners carrying silver censers and dishes of green herbs, to go in front of it. This is the last promenade of a man of no account. Yet the beggars cry with a will, "There is no God but Allah, and Mahommed is His prophet," and the police clear the way. The dead man is attracting more attention than he ever did while he was alive.

If you wait long enough you are sure to see the stream of fashionable cars and barouches interrupted by a wedding. First comes a band making Oriental music on brass instruments or bagpipes and tom-toms, then a string of decorated carriages. The bride's is completely covered over by gay "Manchester goods." While the marriage feast is going on, the band will play outside the house, which is also profusely decorated. Before the bride joins it the procession takes the bridegroom three times round the quarter in which he lives. Is this a kind of equivalent for the publication of banns? Sometimes the

guests will mount gaily caparisoned camels instead of going prosaically in cabs, and the procession will be closed by a troop of donkey-riders.

Here in the Sharia Kamel I doubt whether you would see a camel, but just round any corner they are passing all day long and getting mixed up with the electric street-cars, of which Cairo has an excellent service. Here, however, is a sight better than many camels —a magnificent rider in a regular Arabian Nights costume comes curveting along on a jingling Arab horse. Nearly all the horses in Cairo, even those in cabs, are a joy to behold. They are small, swift, and full of prancing energy. Here, see, is a mounted policeman (English, by the way) on a beautiful bay. The Egyptian cavalry are a smart lot, thanks to British drill sergeants; it is pretty to watch a squadron of lancers cantering by on their mettlesome little chargers.

Walk along the pavement and the contrasts are quite as striking as any we have seen in

the roadway. Dark-skinned Arabs, Nubian negroes, Coptic Christians, Sudanese, Turks, and Syrians in their flowing robes rub shoulders with the most smartly dressed people of Europe. So far as the natives go it is mostly a crowd of men. In the East one always misses the charm of women's faces to which we are accustomed in Europe. But there are some women. They are nearly all in black, the only wear for the street among Moslems, and their faces are half-hidden by yashmaks, kept in position by a curious brass nose-piece, which has a very uncomfortable look. But here and there an unveiled Christian native, with silver bracelets round her ankles, carries a burden on her head, or squats in a doorway playing with her children.

Outside the cafés sit Europeanised but mostly tarbushed Egyptians, discussing politics with an occasional sheikh or well-to-do peasant in native dress. In this particular street, where tourists especially congregate, dragomans and street-sellers are annoyingly

numerous. There is little need for an intelligent person to employ guides at all, but these nuisances do their best to keep up the tradition that no visitor can stir out by himself. They follow those whom they hope to make their victims with foolish persistence, until a policeman, observing their unwelcome importunity, bids them desist. The police force of Cairo has a smart appearance. The men, natives all, are uniformed in khaki and well drilled—by the English, of course. It is odd to see them wearing the blue-and-white striped armlet of the London constable. But they are a long way off displaying the calm, firm authority of the Metropolitan Police.

Look, there is one interfering on the other side of the road. The pathway is blocked by building materials which are being used to repair a shop. The policeman shouts and makes angry motions with his hands. The proprietor and his servant wave deprecating palms, and try to persuade him that it does not matter.

Why should people object to walk in the road? That is the Oriental view. But the policeman is filled with the new, the Western spirit. In Europe no one is allowed to block the pathway. No one must do it here. Two British privates in scarlet look on at the row with amused indulgence. "Noisy beggars, these black men," says one to the other. And then comes along a water-seller, a lean, brown fellow with bare chest, who claps two brass plates together all the time. On his back is an earthen jar of Nile water, in his hand a brass flagon, from the long spout of which he pours out for thirsty subjects into small cups. You meet these men constantly all over Cairo, and they seem to do a brisk trade. Cake-sellers flourish also; so do vendors of oranges and baked chestnuts and pistachios, and rings of salted bread.

So we have reached the Opera Square and the pretty garden laid out so carefully close by. On our right now lies new Cairo, the quarter which might be in any European

city, with its handsome blocks of flats, its wide roads and well-laid sidewalks, bordered by waving palms which stand out so sharply against the clear blue sky. On our left are the native districts, the warrens of narrow lanes and alleys where the mass of the population live. Most people think of Cairo as a pleasure-city, where there are dances every night in vast and luxurious hotels; where one can play golf and lawn-tennis and polo, and go to race-meetings and give tea-parties, and enjoy the sunshine without altering one's way of life to any noticeable extent. That is an important side of Cairo, no doubt. It brings in much money, and it helps on the process of Westernisation.

But do not forget that Cairo is a great city with a life which goes on entirely independent of its winter butterflies. It is the largest city in Africa. Its native population alone numbers nearly three-quarters of a million. It is among them that we shall find the strangest contrasts after all.

CHAPTER III.

LOOKING TOWARDS THE WEST.

"Cairo stands aloof . . . even in the midst of what seems perhaps like intimacy, Eastern to the soul, though the fantasies, the passions, the vulgarities, the brilliant ineptitudes of the West beat about it like waves about some unyielding wall of the sea." —ROBERT HICHENS.

IN the centre of Cairo, before the Opera House (which was one of the extravagances that swelled Khedive Ismail's debts to their amazing total of ninety million pounds), there stands a statue. It is a statue of Ibrahim Pasha on horseback. He has his arm outstretched, pointing to the West.

That seemed to me, directly I saw it, to be allegorical of the destiny of Egypt. Ismail the Extravagant said himself, "Egypt is no longer in Africa; we are part of Europe."

It was not true when he said it. It is not true yet. But every year the process of Westernisation brings the day nearer when it will be true. The eyes of the Egyptians are turned in the direction towards which Ibrahim Pasha's right arm is pointing. It is pointing to the West.

Here, indeed, at the Opera Square, one might almost be in Europe. The shops, the hotels with their broad terraces, the electric street-cars, the motor-"taxis," the neat little two-horse victorias, the well-kept gardens, where the birds are filling the exquisitely fresh morning air with their cheerful melody,—all these conspire to deceive. Step into one of the victorias and in two or three minutes you will be among surroundings which seem to be altogether Eastern.

A few corners turned at a speed which arouses admiration both for the driver and his dashing little steeds, and we enter the Mouski, the long, narrow street which is the backbone of the bazaar quarter. The

café at this end of it has its tables filled already. The town Egyptian spends much of his time sipping coffee and smoking with quiet enjoyment. All classes are the same in this respect. Here the men are mostly in European clothes and wear the tarbush. But you pass numbers of little shops where, on the rough divans within and on the benches outside the door, are seated natives in robes and turbans, passing round the mouthpiece of the hookah pipe, playing cards and dominoes, and exchanging endless gossip at all hours of the day.

As you look down the Mouski it seems quite hopeless to expect your carriage to make its way through the tangle of traffic. There is scarcely any division into roadway and pavement. The whole street is not much more than twenty feet wide. It is literally full of vehicles as far as you can see, and on each side, squeezing in as near the shops as possible, are picturesque throngs of people on foot. The noise is bewildering.

All the drivers shout all the time as they steer desperately through the pack.

At a corner there is a complete block. No car-line goes down the Mouski, but one crosses it, and here there is a knot which looks hard to untie. Into the press from a side street shoots a dark-skinned boy on a bicycle. He collides at once with a donkey which can hardly be seen for the spreading burden of green forage on its patient back. Off he falls into the arms of a tall Nubian whose brilliant white teeth gleam against his shining black skin as he smiles with indulgent humour.

Better get out and walk. We have almost got to the "real" part of the bazaars. At first the Mouski is lined with cheap jewellery and watch stores, rubbish from Europe and America; with modern boot shops, with fly-blown haberdashers, with doubtful-looking scent and soap emporia. There are one or two good general drapers on the lines of the Magasins du Louvre in miniature. It

is odd to see them crowded with harem ladies, all cloaked and veiled, turning over fallals with eager, critical eyes. They chatter excitedly in undertones as they pack themselves into the lift to go upstairs. Their dark, lustrous eyes flash humorous glances upon the stranger.

But now we have left all signs of Europe behind us. Plunge into any of the narrow lanes on either side of the Mouski and you are in ancient Cairo at once. Here Europeans do not often come. They haunt the Khan Khalil, whose network of alleys dates from 1400, and where carpets, silks, red shoes, precious stones, are set out to tempt the unwary. "No charge for look-at," say the insidious gentlemen in fezzes. They play the spider-and-fly game with infinite resource.

In the quarters to which we have penetrated a fly is seldom seen. English is never heard. In their dark stalls, like big inverted packing-cases, piled high with wares of vari-

ous kinds, sit dignified old men in turbans, their legs crossed beneath them, their fingers playing with their rosaries of beads. In some bargaining is going on. Shopping here is, of course, a leisurely business. Look at this group. A well-to-do Egyptian in a beautiful robe of delicately striped silk and a green turban which shows he went to Mecca last year, is making offers for a donkey saddle gorgeous with embroidery. A number of coins lie upon the ground. Every now and then he flings another down. Talking goes on the whole time. Both he and the seller appeal continually to the spectators. Suddenly the Egyptian sweeps the money together and stands up. The saddler shrugs his shoulders. The Egyptian turns to go. But the saddler has him by the robe in an instant, and next minute down they sit again to continue the entertainment. If that saddle is bought by the middle of next week the business will have been very quickly done!

Before a grain stall three half-naked men

pound maize in a huge stone mortar with great iron pestles. One of them holds out his for me to try. I can only just lift it in my right hand. Close by a coffe-roaster with shaven head, according to the fashion here, is making a delicious fragrance amid the unholy odours of this airless spot. Overhead there hang stuffs and straw trusses to keep the sun out, covering the lane in. The effect is wonderful. A dim golden haze softens down all crudities of colour. The whole place is in continual movement, shifting like the patterns of a kaleidoscope. Specially good is the street of the tent-makers, where numberless cross-legged needle-men sew their strips of bright cotton into traditional patterns. Such a tent-maker must St Paul have been before that great light shone upon him as he rode. Just here, too, is a gateway where the spirit of a Moslem saint is said to dwell. On all the great nails of the door are shreds of stuff torn from the clothing of believers who seek his aid.

Very reverently the passers-by touch them and stop to say a prayer. All day long there are supplications going up on this holy spot.

Soon we emerge into more open streets. We pass wide spaces cleared of buildings, eyesores, rubbish-heaps. Old Cairo is disappearing. The land boom of a few years back destroyed much of it. And then the "slump," came, and those who had pulled down had no money wherewith to build up. Many of those who have built have given the new streets a squalid, shabby appearance. Here and there a beautiful old Arab house stands in pathetic dignity among the cheap and nasty erections of Builder Jerry.

But there are compensations everywhere. Look at this fine new fire station, with its shining engine and horses ready harnessed and smart firemen in uniform. Much is lost in charm and picturesqueness. But much is gained in orderliness and security. There is

talk even of giving Cairo a drainage system, if the soil can be disturbed without causing a fearful plague. When once changes begin no one can foresee the end of them. Look at those two grave Arabs exchanging their smileless greetings. They appear altogether untouched by the spirit of change. Yet out of the pocket of one sticks a newspaper in Arabic. Appearances are deceptive everywhere, but more so in Cairo than anywhere else.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HARVEST OF THE SUN.

"Thy dawning is beauiful in the horizon of Heaven,
O living Aton, Beginning of Life!
When Thou risest in the Eastern horizon of Heaven
Thou fillest every land with thy beauty . . .
Thy rays they encompass all lands . . .
Though Thou art afar, Thy rays are on earth;
Though Thou art on high, Thy footprints are the day."
—*Hymn to the Sun.* Period of Amenophis IV.
(Akhnaton), 1375–1358 B.C.

AMONG the factors which have produced the New Spirit in Egypt, the Winter Butterflies claim a prominent place. Climate and antiquities have combined to make the Nile Valley the favourite winter resort of the world of fashion, and of all who can manage an escape from the grey skies of Northern Europe to snatch the joys of summer in February or March. This has had effect in many direc-

tions. It has added vastly to the prosperity of Egypt, though the chief profits of the harvest are not reaped by Egyptians, but by Thomas Cook & Sons, and by the foreigners who run the big hotels. It is no thanks to native enterprise that one can voyage on the Nile so delightfully, and rely on being entertained everywhere in palaces which are world-famous for their luxurious ease. But of course the country benefits by the flow of money which is every winter poured into it. Thousands are employed in ministering directly to the Butterflies' wants and pleasures. The railways draw rich revenue from the tourist invasion. Guides and donkey-boys grow wealthy. Vendors of "*antikas*" send their sons to Europe to be educated. The manufacture of scarabs alone must be a flourishing industry — unless (which is more probable) they are imported from Germany or the Five Towns.

How many visitors land yearly at Alexandria or Port Said and make the regular tour by Cairo, Luxor, Assouan, I was unable to find out.

For some reason no one cares to give figures. But now that the Germans have taken to going in large numbers, and that the cheap end-of-the-season trips from the United States bring in such enormous quantities of Americans of the oddest type, there can hardly be less than 10,000 visitors a-year. Say that they spend on an average £200 a-piece, which is a low estimate. That represents two millions a-year, not all profit to Egyptians, as I have admitted, but all of it spent in the country, and the greater part sticks there.

The figures would be even larger if more efforts were made to attract tourists of moderate means during November and December when the weather is delicious. If steamship companies and hotels combined to push through an advertising campaign to this end, the former could have their ships full instead of more than half empty, and the latter could make their season six months instead of three.

Luxor would benefit especially. As the climate changes by reason of the more com-

petent irrigation and cultivation, the south attracts more and more. Cairo is not what it used to be in January, though, on the other hand, it is very much pleasanter than it used to be in March and April. When there is a cold snap, the Luxor *trains de luxe* are crowded. Every one who can escape books a sleeper; dines and spends the night on the very comfortable *grand express* of the Wagon-Lits Company; and breakfasts in Luxor behind drawn blinds to keep out the glare and heat of the morning sun.

You can go to Luxor by river if you choose. The voyage takes several days, which can be very pleasantly passed if you are in a *dolce far niente* mood. Every now and then the monotony is broken by a shore visit to some temple. If you take an express boat instead of the more elaborate tourist steamer, you stop at many little landing-stages where you get glimpses of the real life of the people. On board, below your promenade-deck, there may be hundreds of natives squatting about, closely

packed, enduring quite calmly the discomforts of the passage. Sometimes they squat there for days, apparently without suffering any particular inconvenience. I could not help envying them. They had reduced life to a really simple equation. How much worry we should save ourselves if we possessed only one set of garments of the most primitive kind, yet very convenient and dignified, if we could live on a little grain, a few dates, a few tomatoes, eaten with flat cubes of bread; if we could do our travelling as these wise Easterns do it, simply going aboard a boat, sitting ourselves down, and staying on that spot until the journey was done!

Luxor being so popular with tourists, has naturally caught the New Spirit in a very lively manner. Every one who goes to Egypt, goes as far as the site of ancient Thebes and the Tombs of the Seventeenth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, and Twentieth Dynasty Kings (1580-1090 B.C.) The whole river front above the Temple is dominated by two large excel-

lent hotels. Between them stretches a row of tourist shops. There are always from January to the end of March big tourist vessels moored at the floats. All the donkey-boys imagine they speak English, and several do speak it quite well. I found one who could also talk German and French intelligibly. He had learnt them so as to endear himself to patrons from all lands. His donkey was called "Britannia" when I rode it. Next day it carried an American, and was addressed as "George Washington." He afterwards admitted to me, in a burst of confidence, that for Germans he called it "Bismarck" and for French people "Napoléon." That boy will certainly get on.

The tourists have made the Egyptians of the towns acquainted with European ways. Some of them have also, I am afraid, imbued the natives with a certain contempt for Europeans. American women, especially, are often much too familiar with dragomans and donkey-boys. The Oriental underling, if he is not kept in his

place, presumes very quickly. Orientals recognise this themselves. Englishwomen know it instinctively. American men are not unaware of it. But they allow their women-folk to be ignorant of it with regrettable results. The white races only keep up their influence by means of prestige, that indefinable quality which is of more value than many Army corps. If we lose that, we lose everything. I am afraid the invasion of sun-seekers has not made the task of governing Egypt more easy.

Walk through the dusty, narrow streets of Luxor, where the houses are high enough to shade one even in summer from the burning sun. At every turn you may notice some odd contrast between the Old World and the New. See those bent-backed men filling their water-skins—horrid looking objects which, as you may guess by their shapes, once belonged to goats. The water at the roadside fountain is running out of Birmingham brass taps. It is common nowadays to see water carried in

Standard Oil tins: they are of a very convenient build for balancing on the head.

Peer into that dark little stall, and you will see that the Arab tailor is using a Singer sewing-machine. Pursue that curious noise, which somehow reminds you of Harry Lauder, and you will discover that it has its origin in a phonograph which is grinding out "I love a lassie," to the delight of a group of almost naked children. Just beyond, a small flock of black and very woolly sheep is being driven to market. A butcher is going to choose one, when suddenly up canters an eager Arab on a donkey with a fine fat lamb across his saddle-bow. He picks it up and thrusts the owner of the flock aside. Then he begins bargaining with the butcher. We have not time to wait for the result of their violent chaffering. They may be hours before they settle the price.

There is always music in the air at Luxor. The hawks, which fill the morning everywhere with their soothing trill, are more vocal here

than in any other place. From the river there come at all hours of the day the songs of rowers and fascinating Eastern music! One of them sings a line or two, then all join in a refrain. The phrases are hauntingly straightforward, and the steady repetition beats them into the listener's brain. Yet afterwards they elude one. Search as one may, the combination cannot be recalled. I have a vivid memory of eight dusky Arabs in scarlet jerseys, under the command of a boatswain in a blue robe, polishing a dahabeah's deck with their feet. Backward and forward swung their nine lithe bodies, all keeping time exactly like a machine. I can see them now distinctly, but for the life of me I cannot recollect how their "chanting" went. It sounded perfectly simple and perfectly satisfying. Yet it has gone.

On the Luxor side of the wide river there are the stupendous ruins of Karnak, as well as the imposing colonnades of the Luxor Temple itself. Across, among the pink hills which swim in a heat-haze, there are the Rock

Tombs of kings and queens dead centuries before Rome was thought of, before Solomon's Temple was founded, before Homer sang. Every morning in the early brilliance there is a gathering of donkeys, mules, and horses, with a few sand-carts for incapables, on the sandbank across the water. Boats put off from all the Luxor landing-stages crowded with Winter Butterflies in linen suits and cotton dresses, with sun helmets and wide shady hats of stout substance to protect them against sunstroke. The rowers pull and sing and chaff one another. Their song is said to be about the absurd tourist people with monkey faces and ridiculous clothes. But the tourist people do not understand Arabic, and give the singers much backsheesh for their entertainment.

From the bank, after a helter-skelter across the sand, the cavalcade trots through a village and along paths between well cultivated lands. Then it divides. Some go past the Colossi of Memnon (the huge seated figures which

once guarded a Temple entrance in a great city, but now loom up weirdly amid green cornfields) to the Ramesseum and Medinet-Habu, a sanctuary built by Rameses the Third, with a royal residence attached to it. Others ride through a wild valley between red, desolate hills whose strange shapes remind one of a Gustave Doré illustration to the Inferno, and presently come to the Rock Tombs which have thrown so much light upon Egyptian history.

Down into the depths we go. Electric lights are switched on, and we can study the wall-paintings which show us the ancient Egyptians in their habits as they lived. We can even see a mummied body in its great stone coffin, exactly as it was left there three thousand four hundred and twenty years ago. Most of the mummies have been taken away and put into museums. So have the jewels and the ornaments, the scarabs and the furniture, placed there by traditional piety. Yet there are still "finds" to be made.

What a comment, pitiful or humorous accord-

ing to your temperament, upon the vanity of human wishes! Consider the immense trouble these monarchs were at to wall up their bones in chambers hewn into the solid rock far below the surface, so that they might never be disturbed. Now parties of chattering tourists penetrate daily to the inmost recesses of their tombs and spy upon them by electric light!

Not many care to stay long in the underworld. They are glad to get out into the sun again. They welcome the announcement that the next item in the programme is lunch at the Rest-House over the steep ridge which separates the wild valley from the green plain watered by the distant shining Nile. They like better to wander through the Terrace Temple of Queen Hatasu, and to hear the ceaseless chirp of the birds in the ruined colonnades, a cheerful sound of life amid so many emblems and reminders of death. It is the sun which really brings the Winter Butterflies. The remains of a wonderful civilisation, long since crumbled into dust, are only a side-show.

Pierre Loti hated the "cooks and cookesses" for their irrelevant chatter, their lack of imaginative interest. But Pierre Loti is a "superior person," and he forgets that, if it were not for the tourist throng, he would have found it a very difficult matter to see Egypt himself. Why blame them for their healthy joy in being alive? They are worshipping in their way the same deity which King Akhnaton strove to exalt to first place among the gods of this land nearly fifty centuries ago. It is Aton, the blessed Sun, who has repaid Egypt in our time for Akhnaton's futile effort. It is a precious harvest which is reaped yearly from his golden beams.

CHAPTER V.

THE IMMUTABLE EGYPTIAN.

"... Nor the leopard his spots."
—*Holy Bible.*

If you wander the whole length of the Mouski at Cairo, and still follow on as far as the Windmill Hills, you come in time to the City of the Dead.

You mount the brown piles of immemorial potsherds, the accumulation of centuries, and down below, outside the wall of Cairo, you see a town. Streets upon streets of houses, mosques with imposing domes and stately minarets, palaces of powerful sultans—a great town baking under the brassy noontide sky. Yet a town without a visible inhabitant, without any of the hum and rumour of active

life. Silence broods over it. You hear no sound save the tap, tap of a mason's hammer. Palaces, mosques, houses, all radiate oppressive stillness. For, all alike, they are memorials. This is the City of the Dead.

Your thoughts flash back to the Pyramid tombs, to the rock-graves of ancient Thebes. Here is a manifestation of the same cult. In Egypt national character changes very slowly. Religions, rulers, even races, fade away and are forgotten. Yet the people who cultivate the green triangle and the green riband remain throughout the ages strangely the same. They are silly folk who imagine that, after a few years of British tutoring, the Egyptian has altered so completely as to be able to govern himself on Western lines. They base this belief, as a rule, upon pure theory. The signs of order imposed from without they mistake for the results of some inward and spiritual grace. Because almost every one is numbered and ticketed, they cry, "Behold a people ripe for Parliaments." Yet beneath

the surface there has been almost no change at all.

To do business with Egyptians carries one back to the Arabian Nights. It is to the Western mind one long waste of time. Suppose a European has motor-cars to sell. He hears a wealthy bey or pasha is inclined to buy one. He calls upon him, is welcomed, is offered coffee and cigarettes, talks upon all kinds of subjects—except motor-cars—is politely invited to come again. He may call half a dozen times before he comes near striking a bargain, and after that he has to secure his money, which very likely takes half a dozen calls more. This is the regular Eastern manner. It is as futile to try to hurry matters on as it is to attempt to deal at fixed prices. Bargaining is part of the pleasure of life.

To be annoyed with the Eastern manner is unreasonable, though human. Europeans who live in Egypt have often raw edges to their tempers, especially in summer time.

Yet the only sensible thing to do is to grin and bear it. The East is still as it has always been. Further, one has to make allowances in dealing with the Egyptian functionary. He is generally pleasant and obliging, but you must let him take his time, and never ask him to step outside the strict letter of his position. Sometimes his slowness is maddening. On days when mails are in, a tourist office in Cairo is filled with a long queue of people eager for letters. Watch the Egyptian clerk in charge of the post office go through the bundles with conscientious determination to make no mistakes, examining each address at length. Then glance at the line of faces in the queue. You realise that "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet" with peculiar force.

The Egyptian has many good qualities, but neither managing ability, in the Western sense, nor the power of altering his usual methods to meet emergencies, whether great or small, is among them. As a subordinate

he is often a model of devotion to duty. But in authority his tendency is to fall into tyranny and corruption: that is the universal testimony of those who know him best. As he has been in the past, so he is still. Sprinkling a little education over him and putting him into uniform do not change his soul. In the museum one day I was assisted by a smart, intelligent, English-speaking attendant, who, having attended to me, sat down, took his boot off, and proceeded to doctor his feet! One must get used to differences in customs and in points of view, and refuse to accept the narrow, offhand opinion that a thing is bad because we are not accustomed to it.

Equally shallow are those who deny that the religion of the Egyptians—I mean Islam, for nine-tenths of them profess that faith—has any effect upon their lives. Often that attitude is taken up by Christians as the only refuge from shame at the far greater piety of the Moslem. At first the visitor from Europe or America watches with amazement

the merchant before his shop, the peasant in the fields, the sailor in his vessel, standing and kneeling and bowing in prayer with absorbed devotion and no thought of being laughed at. Soon, however, this becomes so common a sight that it is noticed no longer. Where in a Christian country could one see the like? In Cairo there is a fine block of flats built by the Khedive, and beside it is a little enclosure surrounding a ruinous old mud tomb. This is the tomb of a holy man. Public opinion was too strong for the Khedive even to dare to remove it. It was scheduled for demolition, but it had to stay.

Moslem piety does not have the same effects, perhaps, as Christian piety, but to pretend that it has none is ludicrous in view of the charity of Mahommedans, their acceptance of the idea of Brotherhood, their simplicity of life. In a big shop in Cairo I was told, as a matter of course, that the proprietors gave 10 per cent of the profits to the poor. No

one ever starves in Egypt. There is always a helping hand. We consider the morality of the East low, yet there is a newspaper in Cairo (probably there are many) which will not accept whisky or other drink advertisements, because in a hot country it considers alcohol unhealthy.

Thrift, leading to the possession of wealth, is not a traditional virtue in Egypt. Until the English came the Turkish Pashas saw to it that any one who saved money on a large scale was thoughtfully relieved of it in case it should become a burden to him. Now it is common for even small men to heap up riches. But they deal with them in quite the traditional way. They secrete their gold just as their ancestors did four thousand years ago. In the cellar of one old man who died not long since were found £80,000 in specie. A farmer who bought some land for £25,000 sent the purchase-money loaded on a train of donkeys. He had dug it up from his garden where it had been lying hid! No

bank for him. He preferred to keep his fortune under his own soil.

Complaints are often made of the Egyptian labourer. His intelligence is contrasted with that of Europeans. But there is another side to this also. On some irrigation works one day the engineer told me that an iron trolly had run off its rails and plunged into a pond. He was debating how to recover it, when the men on the job proposed diving to try to locate it. Before long one of them had found it, and had made fast a cable to it in twelve feet of water. So secure was his knot that the trolly could be hauled out without further ado.

In his good qualities and in his bad qualities the Egyptian with his circumstances easier, his personal liberty less precarious, his property more secure, is very much what he has always been. Beneath the surface the progress of recent years under British tutelage has made next to no difference. It has altered very little his mental processes, his religious attitude, his daily life.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FELLAH AT HOME.

"The wealth of Egypt is essentially agricultural."
—LORD CROMER.

HIS name is Ibrahim. His costume when I first meet him consists of one solitary small garment.

He is engaged in working his *shadoof*, the contrivance by which he waters his patch of land. Over a small creek dug out of the river-bank a pole is suspended between two supports. At one end of this pole is a bucket; at the other a lump of dried clay. Ibrahim pulls down the bucket end of the pole until the bucket reaches the water. It fills itself, then he lets go. The lump of clay pulls it back, and it empties

itself into Ibrahim's reservoir or channels, whence he distributes it in runnels over his cultivated plots.

In the sweltering sun it is not easy work, and Ibrahim's dusky body is "larding the lean earth" copiously. It glistens all over as he bends to his task, singing a queer little "chanty" on three notes. The pole creaks, too, and near by a richer neighbour's *sakia* (a water-wheel worked by cattle) groans melodiously, with a sound like the lowing of a herd of far-off cattle—a sound very familiar to the traveller up the Nile.

Ibrahim owns about three acres. He grows maize, a strip of clover for his white donkey, beans, and other vegetables. Some day he hopes for enough land to grow cotton or sugar-cane. All the year round he is pretty hard at work. He has no time to get fat like the Egyptians of property who live in towns. But he does not mind work, and he makes a fair living out of his two or

three crops a-year. His father, Hassan, would have thought Ibrahim's lot bliss. Hassan came of a family which had a nice little estate, but grinding taxation forced him to borrow at ruinous interest, and at last to abandon his land altogether, after being beaten frequently because he could not satisfy the tax-gatherer's demands. He was reduced, therefore, to become a sub-tenant of a more fortunate *fellah*, who lent him seed and farming implements and in return took three-quarters of poor Hassan's produce.

Ibrahim's taxes are lighter, and he is in no fear of the lash, for "the English are here." Nor need he resort to esurient Greeks when he is in need of money. He got his small holding by means of a loan from a great bank, and pays the interest along with his taxes. He is subject to no forced labour on irrigation canals, as Father Hassan was. Only at certain seasons, when there is danger of inundation from the rising Nile, must he

take his turn at watching. In the days "before the English came" it was a regular practice to order the poor *fellahin* to carry out their *corvée* as far as possible from their homes. Those who could paid to be exempted; the rest had to obey.

Another grievance that old Hassan used to speak of bitterly was the blackmail which had to be paid to the irrigation engineers. Unless they were bribed they would often refuse to supply the indispensable water. Often, too, they let the canals get into such a bad state that cultivation languished. Now, Ibrahim tells you, there is plenty of water at every season of the year, and for all; and the English—odd people!—do not allow bribes.

Now the sun is sinking over the broad shining river, flowing between narrow strips of green on either bank, with the desert beyond them. Ibrahim says his evening prayer, spreading a piece of matting upon which he kneels. He bows his head till it

touches the ground, with reverent absorption in the beautiful names of Allah, which he repeats. Then he pulls on his loose cotton drawers, gets into his blue gown, winds his turban afresh, and sets off home to supper.

The village through which Ibrahim passes on his way home is typical of its kind. Along the banks are moored a few feluccas, whose tall masts pierce the sunset yellow. Up and down the steep bank pass continually women drawing their black robes over half their faces, and carrying on their heads water-jars or tins. Among them is Fatma, Ibrahim's one and only wife, a graceful figure still, slim and supple, her rounded curves showing plainly under her scanty clothing. They do not greet one another save with their eyes, and Ibrahim passes on to the café to hear the gossip of the day. Outside a tiny shop are set some chairs with a hubble-bubble pipe in the centre, the mouthpiece of which is passed from hand to hand,

while an incessant chatter goes on over tiny cups of thick coffee. Ibrahim can neither write nor read, though his little boys are learning to do both at an American mission school, and to talk English as well. He listens intently when someone reads from an Arabic newspaper, and he is as eager as anybody, when excited by glowing periods, to proclaim a Holy War and drive the English out.

Here we are just at the point where the bazaar runs out of the market-place. In the unkempt square there are still a few sellers of vegetables left, and an open-air cook shop is sending up savoury smells from strange messes. Close by soup is being sold out of a tin, and a basket of golden oranges rapidly empties. Next door to the café is a shop which stocks all manner of tin wares. A handsome Arab is bargaining for a basin, squatting on the ground, examining it with the most careful scrutiny, and being urged by the shopkeeper to "take

it for nothing" if he does not like the price.

Everywhere the invading West! One old shopkeeper is smoking a briar pipe. At the café a sheikh is puffing at a cigarette through a holder, and just in front of it two peasants stop and compare their silver watches! It seems so out of keeping with the carpenter's shop, just such a one as Our Lord toiled in, and the washerwoman's booth, where a boy is working a huge iron of prehistoric pattern with his foot.

But by this time Fatma will have the evening meal ready, so Ibrahim turns homeward. He stops at a doorway in a mud wall and enters a small, dusty, open-air court, where three children greet him with clambering affection. In this court are several pots and pans, the white donkey, some skinny fowls, and two mud pillars which serve as store-cupboards for provisions. Off the court open two rooms—one for sleeping in during winter, the other for keeping the few spare

clothes and household goods which the family possess. Fatma has made the bread from *dhurra*, a kind of maize flour, in a big stove, and there lie a basketful of flat cakes. In addition she has made a sort of bean stew with butter and onions. Into this the family, sitting on the ground, dip pieces of bread which they eat with great relish, washing them down with sour goat's-milk, and ending up with lettuces, crisp and sweet, from their own patch.

Soon after supper the strips of matting are unrolled — in the court, if it be warm enough; if not, in the living-room. Any one who is cold can sleep on top of the stove. Little Ibrahim, little Hassan, and little Amina say their good-nights. Their parents talk a little in whispers. Then the candle is put out, and they go contentedly to sleep.

And who has given thee reason for contentment, O Ibrahim? Who but the dogs of English? Soon thy son who learns in the American school that two and two are

four will tell thee that thy reckoning which would make the answer "five" is wrong. Then thou wilt heed Nationalist glowing periods no longer. For how long under Nationalist guidance would thy contentment endure?

CHAPTER VII.

EGYPT "ON THE MAKE."

"This conservative people is a people of progress."
—THE KHEDIVE, ABBAS II.

THE New Spirit takes many shapes. It is responsible alike for the excellent discipline and dash which the Egyptian troops displayed first at the battle of the Atbara, and for the wild mouthings of the "Nationalists." It stiffened the back of the *fellah* who told a native official when he was threatened with the *courbash:* "You dare not flog me now. The English are here." It established the Tewfikieh Society, consisting of young men who bind themselves not to marry uneducated women. It gave birth equally to the land boom and to many another get-rich-quick

scheme, some of which have benefited the country, while others did no good to anybody but the wily promoters, who got out quickly and left their credulous dupes to bear the inevitable loss.

I have spoken of the waste places in Cairo which keep fresh the memory of the wild-cat speculations in land. Many Egyptians still speak ruefully of their plunges in those much too hopeful days of 1906. Prices advanced from day to day with feverish leaps. A small property in Cairo, bought some years earlier for £2000, sold towards the end of 1905 for £8000. Very soon it was resold for £16,000; then it found a ready purchaser at £24,000; finally it was sold again for £32,000. The Kaser-el-Ali Palace, close to the British Agency, was offered in 1902 for £80,000. In 1906 it sold for £700,000. The usual price of land in good quarters of the city before the boom was one pound a square yard. During the boom as much as £24 a square yard was eagerly put down for

lots in by no means the best parts. When the "slump" came, there was wailing and gnashing of teeth. Many were ruined. Large numbers of others deplored heavy losses which crippled them for years.

Even now land in the better districts of Cairo is at a very high price. The native population is increasing and growing more prosperous. European settlers are more in number than ever. And the swarm of tourists continues to descend upon Egypt in vaster proportions now that Americans and Germans of the "tripper" class fill the land with their penetrating twang and their guttural enthusiasms. There is plenty of room yet, therefore, for wise investment in land and in other values. Egypt specially needs manufactures, and would welcome capital from any quarter to help on her industrial development. At present, however, it is not into this channel that money flows to any great extent. Enterprise is still inclined to express itself in bricks and mortar.

The most striking manifestation of the New

Spirit in that direction is the Oasis-suburb of Heliopolis. This venture illustrates vividly the awakening of Cairo to the opportunities of modern finance. Thirty, even twenty, years ago such a scheme would have seemed as unlikely in Egypt as we should consider to-day a company to supply the Tuaregs with type-writers, or the Bishareen Arabs with Bond Street hats. It is a scheme which surprises even those who are accustomed to the big ideas of European and American speculators. And it surprises them not alone by its bold conception, by the difficulties which had to be overcome before a town could be built in the desert, by the large scale on which a start has been made. It surprises them also by reason of the admirable lines on which it is being laid out, and by the charm of its white buildings, designed with a genuine feeling for the beauty of Arab architecture.

Whether it will be a success or no is still doubtful, though there are fewer voices de-

crying it now than were heard a year or two since. But no one who appreciates either the advantages of town planning on a dignified and harmonious basis, or the endeavour to square the search for profit with the need of the human soul for beauty, can wish Heliopolis anything but a fair future. The world would be the poorer if it came to grief.

About five miles from Cairo the site of the ancient Heliopolis, the City of the Sun had for centuries been only traceable by patient archæologists. It was called in ancient times The Nile City of On. When it was founded nobody knows. Strabo, the Roman globe-trotter, visited it a few years before the birth of Christ, and it was even then a show-place in ruins. Two thousand three hundred years before that it had been at the height of its prosperity. It drives home to one's sluggish mind the antiquity of Egypt to recollect that, long before our era, it was a land where travellers marvelled at the splen-

did ruins of temples and palaces built thousands of years before! Legend told how Heliopolis was founded by a child of the Sun. But we should do well, perhaps, to follow the prudent Pliny, who inclined to the opinion that it was originally a settlement of Arabs. Upon our capacity for believing strange stories will depend also our acceptance or rejection of the tradition that here the Holy Family rested for a night under a tree on their flight into Egypt; and that in the great Temple of the Sun, whose stones have been hidden for centuries by the restless desert sand, the Phœnix immolated itself upon a pyre of frankincense and myrrh, and rose from the ashes a new bird with its vitality lengthened for another 1461 years.

What is certain is that Heliopolis was a big city, and that the priests of the Sun had a world-wide reputation for their occult knowledge. Possibly they were the philosophers and healers whose learning astonished the Greeks. Or they may have been merely

tricksters. One of their "miracles" was, according to report, an ingenious but dishonest dodge. The common people marvelled greatly at the Temple being filled with sunshine after the sun had set. This was managed by an arrangement of mirrors like Pepper's Ghost. But are we any less credulous? A distinguished French author bases upon the fact that no tombs have been found at Heliopolis the theory that it was miraculously healthy. The truth probably is that worshippers of the sun burnt their dead. At the same time there is no doubt about the invigorating character of the desert air. The new town stands on a plateau more than a hundred feet higher than Cairo, and those who went there for the Aviation Meeting know from experience that it does not lack a breeze! In Cairo itself one often feels enervated, indolent. The sparkling air which sweeps over the Arabian Desert fills one with energy. There is good water, drawn from wells sunk to a depth of 250 feet. There is to be an electric railway

very soon, which will run out from Cairo in ten minutes.

Gardens and boulevards have been planted. There is already a baker's shop, an "international butchery" (as it calls itself), a dairy, and two or three cafés. Now it only needs a sufficient number of residents and winter visitors to take advantage of all these aids to healthy, peaceful living, away from the smells and noises of the crowded city.

Already a number of the graceful white houses built in the Arab style are inhabited. For one of moderate size the rent works out at about £70 a-year. There is a pleasant-looking hotel open already. Another enormous palace is being rapidly built, with rooms for 400 guests. The Government, too, has arranged with the company, of which the guiding spirits are Baron Empain and Boghos Nubar Pasha, for the erection of 400 houses for people in State employment. At present, it must be confessed, one has rather the impression of living among dust-heaps. But

this is natural during the construction period. Even now the approach to the new town is quite impressive. Its gleaming walls stand out against the brown desert. Its domes and minarets are silhouetted sharp in the deep blue of daytime or the twilight horizon of brilliant yellow. The buildings are of a light and elegant design, airy and convenient, instinct with that reserved charm which makes Saracen architecture so attractive.

All around stretches the desert, broken only by the Mokattam Hills, with the Citadel of Cairo just visible on their furthest slopes. The new Heliopolis has risen like the Phœnix from the ashes of the old. It has sprung from the barren sand, across which all the building materials had to be carried. The feat of creating it would be remarkable in any land. In Egypt it is marvellous. It just shows what the country, under the influence of the New Spirit, can do.

CHAPTER VIII.

BRIDGES OF BLESSING.

"The Egyptian question is a question of irrigation."—NUBAR PASHA.

THE sun was blazing hot at nine in the morning as we trotted across the desert on our way to the great Dam. Yet along the river-front at Assouan a pleasant breeze was stirring the graceful leafage and the big rattling seed-pods of the lebbakh-trees. White sails were flashing on the lake-like stretch of water, and the palm-fringed island of Elephantine was looking deliciously green and cool.

In the morning and evening hours Assouan is at its best. In the heat of the day the hills which cut the clear sky sharply all round, glow like furnaces, and the pathetic flowers wilt in the public garden along the river-side. It is

only by the most careful tending that they are induced to hold up their heads at all. They remind one of anæmic children kept alive by constant nursing. In the cooler hours they perk up. Towards evening, the long, high ridges of golden sand across the Nile reflect the sunset glory, and the tiny white dome on the summit tempts one to climb. The dark-enamelled rocks glisten refreshingly, scattered about in the stream as if by some prehistoric stirring of the river-god in sleep. The dahabeahs moored along the bank of Elephantine have each a tea-party on deck. Northward the spits of sand gleam white in the gloaming, and the earliest star is reflected in a quivering silver line on the dark water. Then the moon sails high, and the magic, mysterious beauty of the scene keeps you on your balcony till the gong sounds reproachfully, and you know you will be late for table d'hôte.

We thought of all this wistfully as we bumped along in the hot sand Dam-wards. The Dam is really Assouan's only sight. Im-

portunate donkey-boys may persuade you to visit an encampment of Bishareen Arabs, half-naked models for sculptors, with curiously plaited greasy hair, who deal in camels; or the ancient quarries whence the granite for many famous temples was hewn. But the excursion to the Dam and the Temple of Philæ, now partly under water, is the only one of any account. People do not really go to Assouan for antiquities or excursions. They go for lawn-tennis and sand golf and dances. The Winter Butterflies call it "a ripping place."

Suddenly we turn out of a narrow valley between scorching hills and come in sight of a colony of shady, broad-brimmed bungalows in an oasis of vivid green. At first it seems to be a mirage, too good to be true. But it is real. These are the houses of the men engaged upon the Dam, and there it is itself—a solid bank of masonry stretching across the river, a mile and a quarter long. As we run over it, in a trolly upon rails, we soon forget the heat. On one

side there is a vast expanse of shining water, the reservoir which was needed to give the cultivators irrigation all the year round. On the other side there is a foaming cascade; some of the sluices are open to let the ordinary flow of the river through. The water hurls itself adown the cataract (which it would be more correct to call the rapids), and swirls about the rocks, disturbing the air pleasantly and filling it with a cool, plashing roar.

Here is the greatest benefit that British enterprise has conferred upon Egypt yet. Long ago, when the Egyptian question was hotly discussed "in the Chancelleries of Europe," Nubar Pasha said impatiently: "The Egyptian question? It is a question of irrigation." Many Egyptians knew how true this was, but could not give their country the water she needed. This task was left to the practical sense and determination of British administrators, and it is worth remembering that they were opposed at almost every step.

In a land where it scarcely ever rains the Government has to take the part which is played in other countries by the weather. Native Egyptian Governments had tried to fill this *rôle* and failed. A scheme for raising the level of water in the Delta was rejected in the 'seventies by the National Assembly, on the ground that the richer proprietors who had put up pumping-engines would be injured by it: their pumps would be needed no longer! Even when the great Barrage was built fifteen miles below Cairo, it was so ineptly planned that the engineers never dared shut the sluices. They were afraid the whole erection would be swept away. Water therefore continued scarce. In many districts it could only be obtained by bribery. In others lazy officials let the canals get out of order. Up-river cultivators merely took one crop off the fertile mud left by the yearly inundation.

When Britain decided to lend a hand in Egypt, there was a very expensive pumping scheme in contemplation. It would have

benefited the Delta, no doubt, but at far too heavy a cost. Sir Colin Scott Moncrieff, who was put in charge of irrigation, said, "Make the Barrage workable." The Egyptians said, "It can't be done. He said, "Rubbish." The National Assembly refused consent. Lord Cromer signalled: "Go ahead." Sir Colin went ahead, and his success added so much to the common wealth that the revenue was increased, as a direct result, by £2,000,000 a-year. No wonder the peasants called it "The Bridge of Blessing." The value of their land was doubled. They could raise upon it three crops of cotton instead of one. Formerly the canals were only filled once a-year—at the time of the Nile flood. Now there was water enough all the year round.

Since then this same system of perennial irrigation has been carried nearly six hundred miles above Cairo, as well as below it. There is a Barrage at Assiout (built 1898-1902), there is another at Esna (1907-09), and there is the Dam at Assouan (1898 - 1902), which is now

being made higher and stronger, so that the storage of water may be greater still. Already this magnificent feat of engineering is one of the wonders of the world. Stand on the top and look along its colossal granite back. Go through its series of sixty-feet deep locks, each 230 feet long. Steam up the river and notice that the level of water is raised for 130 miles. All this is stored up from the flood-time, to be used when the river begins to fall. Formerly a huge volume of the fertilising inundation flowed useless to the sea. Now it is made to add to Egypt's wealth, and even when the Nile is at its lowest the Government supplies the fields with water to take the place of the rain which scarcely ever falls.

When the Dam is finished in 1912 the water will be kept back as far as 190 miles to the southward, and nearly a million acres now producing next to nothing will wave greenly with cotton or grain. Do the Nationalists remember how they opposed the building of the Dam? And one more equally pertinent

question — Have those who, like Pierre Loti, talk about the "barbarity" of submerging beautiful Philæ, ever sat down and reckoned up what these Bridges of Blessing have done for the people of Egypt? I have made an attempt to do so with the aid of numerous State papers, and in my next chapter I shall have the honour to present a Profit and Loss Account.

CHAPTER IX.

A PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

"Praise the Lord for our sister, Water, for she is very fair and serviceable to us, and humble and pleasant and clean."
—*The Little Flowers of St Francis.*

M. Pierre Loti is a distinguished writer from whose exquisite cameos we have often drawn delight. Distinguished writers must be treated respectfully even when they go wrong. The greatest tribute of respect I can pay M. Loti is to take him seriously. I will assume the genuineness of his indignation against the English for enriching the people of Egypt at the cost of submerging the Temples of Philæ. I will treat as the argument of a sane man M. Loti's contention in "La Mort de Philæ," that no benefit to Egypt can outweigh the flooding of the island on which these beautiful

monuments stand. I will show briefly what the benefits in question are, and I will leave the Profit and Loss account to speak for itself.

The most extensive irrigation scheme which has been carried out by British enterprise is that which affects a large part of Middle Egypt, the northern half of Assiout Province, and the provinces of Minia, Giza, and Beni-Suef. Formerly this tract of country was under what is called Basin Irrigation. A certain quantity of water was caught during the annual Nile flood and stored in basins for use during the year. But this quantity was seldom sufficient for the whole year, and, if the flood was a poor one, cultivators had nothing like enough. Sir William Garstin and Sir William Willcocks set to work, therefore, to devise a scheme which should give them, not merely a flood supply, but perennial irrigation, and should insure them against the danger of poor floods. To do this it was necessary to raise the levels of the river so that water might flow all the year round

into the irrigation canals. And in order to raise the levels it was necessary to construct dams which would hold the water up until it was wanted. Now let us see what these dams—Assouan, Assiout, Esna—have helped to do.

The area which was scheduled for conversion from Basin to Perennial Irrigation included 404,470 *feddans* (a *feddan* is just about an acre, so in future I will reckon in acres). As soon as land is converted, its value goes up. In 1903, the year after the Assouan Dam was finished, the average rise in the rents of converted holdings was £3 an acre. It has since increased in many districts to between £5 and £6. That is to say, land which formerly let at £4 to £5 an acre now brings in £8 to £11. Every year, as the process of conversion has gone steadily on, the income of the country has grown, and the public fortune been increased. Land which used to sell for £60 to £70 an acre now fetches £130 to £140. By means of perennial irrigation, therefore, a huge extent

of country has been more than doubled in value.

The result of this in money is surprising, when one considers the comparatively small outlay. An estimate made, not by an Englishman, but by Sirri Pasha, the native Inspector-General of Irrigation, reckons the total addition to the wealth of the country, brought about by the Middle Egypt Conversion Scheme, at £28,312,900. This magnificent result has been achieved by an expenditure of little more than four and a half millions. By spending that amount British foresight has benefited Egypt to the extent of six times the sum laid out. Looking at it another way, the public income has been increased, through the heightened rental value of the converted land, by more than two millions a-year. Thus the four and a half millions invested produce an annual profit of close on fifty per cent. This is the direct profit. There are also indirect gains which bring the total up to a still more astonishing figure. The final addition to the value of

Egypt's land, due to the conversion works, appears as £32,516,480; while the rise in the annual rental value of the area affected stands at £2,442,708.

For the moment the Government does not directly draw much increased revenue from the lands so vastly increased in value. They have been content to put a light land tax on the area affected. But in time this will be raised, and already the railway and customs have been largely increased. The State will draw a more immediate profit from the heightening of the Assouan Dam which is now in progress. This work is necessary, chiefly for the reason that the converted area of Middle Egypt takes far more water than it did before, and does not leave enough for the cotton-growers of Lower Egypt. After 1912, when the extra seventeen feet of height have been added, the quantity of water stored up above Assouan until it is required will be two-and-a-half times as much as at present. This extra water will be devoted entirely to Lower Egypt, north of Cairo. Here

there are 950,000 acres lying waste, which with irrigation will become good cotton-growing land. The value of the crop to be obtained from them is estimated at 3½ to 4 millions sterling a-year. Of these 950,000 acres 600,000 are Government property, and will be worth £15 an acre, whereas at present they are worth nothing.

Here is a clear gain of fourteen millions. In addition, the crops on land already raising cotton will be assured against scarcity of water. Already much cotton has been saved. In 1903 the river was so low that, without the reserve of water, there would not have been enough. With the reserve the supply was ample. Even in 1902, before the Assouan Dam was finished, the Assiout Barrage, then just completed, saved £600,000 by raising the level of water in a time of exceptional lowness and allowing it to enter the irrigation canals. Thus the cost of the Assiout Barrage (£720,000) was almost covered in the first year of its operation. And again, in 1904, there was a severe dearth of water which, without the quantity saved up

in the Philæ Reservoir, would have been disastrous to the summer crops.

How the cotton crop of Middle Egypt has been enlarged, mainly by the conversion of basin land to perennial irrigation, may be seen by the following table :—

Years.	Acres under cotton.
1898 . . .	100,005
1899 . . .	90,887
1900 . . .	92,842
1901 . . .	105,750
1902 . . .	95,356
1903 . . .	153,000
1904 . . .	250,205
1908 . . .	313,956

The value of the increase effected in cotton production is put at two and three-quarter million pounds sterling a-year.

A couple more pieces of evidence and I will cease to flourish figures before my readers' eyes. On the Daira Sanieh estates in Middle Egypt the rental value of about 130,000 acres was raised from £489,645 to £956,458 in four years from the completion of the Dam.

And the tenants pay their increased rents so easily, that their arrears have dropped from £13,000 a-year to almost nothing. They are no longer at the mercy of the Nile. The ancient river has been tamed to their service. Even to the "flood irrigated" lands, which depend entirely upon the yearly inundations to soak and fertilise them, the Irrigation Department has brought immense benefit. In bad flood years there used to be huge areas of such land left waterless, in which case the cultivators were let off paying their land tax. In 1877, before the English came on the scene, there were 753,992 acres upon which tax had to be remitted for this reason. In 1888, another year of poor flood, the number dropped to 269,110. In 1899 it was only 188,922, and 1907 saw the figures down to 80,000. The gain to the State in taxation is the least of the boon conferred in this direction. It is the cultivators who have most reason to be thankful.

Here then, in a hasty sketch, I have set

forth the Profit account. To write against it M. Loti advances what? The fact that between November and June the Temples of Philæ will be covered by the water of the Reservoir. Well, of course, this is to be deplored. But, on the other hand, let us remember that only a very few of the winter tourists really appreciated their beauty, also that their foundations are now far stronger than they were before, and that any one who wants to see them can do so between July and October. The archæologists refused Sir William Garstin's proposal to move them at a cost of £200,000 to an island well above reservoir level. Now they should hold their peace. Against the loss of the Temples as a show-place for the Winter Butterflies set the millions raised from a hungry hand-to-mouth existence into a condition of comfort. You cannot for a moment hesitate as to your verdict. It will surely be that M. Loti has no case.

CHAPTER X.

AN EASTERN OXFORD OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

"Europeans are in advance of us. Why? Are they stronger or more enduring? No, it is because they are better taught."—Arabi Pasha in 1882.

In a small conical mud hut at Luxor, a grave man in a turban was teaching school. It was almost dark inside, or at any rate it seemed so to us, peering in from the hot, white sunshine. The little dark bodies swayed earnestly as the lessons were chanted. The little dark hands copied the master's spidery Arabic on to their slates. They were learning the alphabet, and discovering that two and two made four. They had also begun to get by heart passages from the Koran. Later on they would have to learn it all, bit by

bit. Then their education would be considered complete. Unless, indeed, they showed special promise and were sent to the famous Moslem University in Cairo, the Gamia El Azhar. There they would go through a course of study which declines to recognise that there has been any advance of knowledge since the date of the Koran. They would learn that the earth is flat, and rests on the horns and back of a bull: it is surrounded by mountains wherein dwell *jinns* or bad spirits who war against good angels for the mastery of mankind. This is called "religious science," after which law is studied and the proper way to recite the Koran, with the art of poetry perhaps as a final embellishment.

El Azhar is a fascinating place to visit. It is a kind of twelfth-century Oxford. When you step over the raised threshold, having put on big overshoes to enter the holy place, you leave the Present Day behind. You see first of all a very large open-air court full

of squatting figures in turbans and flowing robes. Some are reading, generally with the swaying motion of the body. Some are talking. Some are grouped round an *alim* (professor) making notes of his discourse, at the end of which they all respectfully kiss his hand. Some are eating. Some are asleep. The court is hot in the sunshine. You are dazzled as you look up to the slender minarets of which every graceful detail is sharp against the morning blue. You are glad to walk round under the colonnades, where classes of children are sitting cross-legged on the ground, their bright eyes wandering to us strangers while they drone mechanically the lesson of the day. And you are gladder still to pass into another court, covered and cool and equally full of students, among whom you must pick your apologetic way, treading gingerly between the groups.

The sweeper who is tidying up is not so careful. He prods a slumberer with his foot. He walks over a class without a word of

apology either to them or to their teacher, sitting cross-legged in a low wide chair and wearing the green turban which shows he has made his pilgrimage to Mecca within the year. There is a hum of talk everywhere. There is a constant passing to and fro. "How difficult," you say, "it would be to think here." But that is of no moment to the El Azhar students. They are not being taught to think.

There are ten thousand students at El Azhar, more than at Oxford and Cambridge put together. Rich and poor mingle together. The only division is into nationalities and provinces. Each group of students has its own dormitories, the plainest possible apartments, airy and sparsely furnished after the pleasant manner of the East. No fees need be paid. There are endowments enough for all. When a student has mastered the Koran, the teacher writes his name in a copy of it and that gives him authority to lecture on it. So with the other books studied. That is how the "men" get their degrees.

There is much that is admirable about this ancient university, whose records go back to the century before William the Conqueror crossed the English Channel. Rich and poor mingle in its courts. Few faithful Moslems fail to mention it in their wills, so it has ample funds for the needy. The life is very simple. The sight of "undergraduates" mending their clothes in public is quite common. Their usual meal consists of a bowl of lentil soup with a cake of maize bread, a little garlic, or a handful of dates. It is, indeed, what Oxford once was—a place of scholarship. All the ten thousand students have a desire to learn. That is the only reason of their being there, unless it is true that they go there, as many say, in order to escape military service, from which all teachers are excused. But naturally the New Spirit is a little impatient of El Azhar. The Europeanised Egyptian is openly derisive, but then he has generally lost his faith in Islam altogether. Even the faithful are beginning to see that Arabi was right.

"Why are Europeans in advance of us? Because they are better taught." Why are the Syrians, he might have asked equally, so successful in Egypt? Because in Syria there are go-ahead American schools. There has sprung up in Egypt, therefore, a real demand for education. It pervades all classes, from the Europeanised *effendim* in Cairo who severely criticise the absence of a real university in the capital, to the donkey-boys at small places on the Nile, who wistfully ask if the tourist can give them "Inglees book."

What is called the Egyptian University is only a *Université Populaire* after the French fashion, a centre for delivering lectures. It confers no degrees. It has no body of students. All the same it is a praiseworthy effort, and may have in it the seeds of a real university in the future. There is an inclination to sneer at it. The building it inhabits, a former cigarette factory, garish in colour and design, with the name of the cigarette company still in mosaic on the pavement at the entrance,

provokes ridicule. Its large aims are contrasted scornfully with its small funds. But it is easy to sneer. It would be wiser to give the founders credit for their enthusiasm, and to help them to administer it on sound lines.

A very interesting contrast, by the way, to El Azhar is to be seen in the Government colleges for sheikhs (that is, Arabs of good family) who seek to be trained as *cadis* (judges of the Mohammedan religious castes) and teachers. Here are large, light, open, well-equipped class-rooms, with currents of fresh air blowing through them. The students have the newest of desks. The blackboard is in constant use, the appeal to the eye usefully supplementing the lessons addressed to the ear. There is a capital laboratory where simple chemistry is taught. Some of the grave young Arabs in their dignified robes were working here on the morning I was taken round. Some were at a writing lesson: to write Arabic correctly is quite an accomplish-

ment. Some were drawing from still life. Some were learning "cosmography," or the use of the globes as it used to be called in young ladies' "finishing schools." In the library several were deep in Arabic tomes. Later, I saw them in the dining-hall, learning to eat decently and in order. The whole place left on my mind an impression of studious calm and of a well-ordered intelligent scheme. It is not picturesque as El Azhar, but it is infinitely more competent.

The present-day agitation in favour of educating all classes is a striking change from the attitude of the Egyptians towards education, when Mehemet Ali some eighty years ago tried to impose it upon them. This able ruler only learnt to read himself at the age of forty-five. He resolved that every one must do likewise. He established schools. Parents declined to send their children to them. He did all he could both to force and to persuade them. Small boys were taken to their classes in chains. Others were

paid to go. But he could not arouse any enthusiasm. He died. His schools were abandoned. Contented ignorance reigned as before. It continued to reign until recent years. Then it gave way to a desire for education as a means of getting on.

It is not in the Egyptian character to desire knowledge for its own sake. Of course there are exceptions to whom this does not apply. There are a certain number of patriotic Egyptians who honestly feel that it is due to their country's position to improve education. They applaud the desire of the Government to establish elementary vernacular and industrial schools throughout the country. They also understand the difficulties in the way, two of which are the difficulty of getting competent teachers in Arabic, and lack of money. When it was proposed to the General Assembly that a temporary land-tax should be imposed for the expenses of *kuttabs* (elemententary schools), no one supported the proposer. His plea was rejected offhand. There are

many Moslems who say with Arabi, "Let us be educated, and the boasted superiority of the Christians will disappear." But they do not want to pay for this advantage, it would seem.

Speaking generally, one may say that the demand for education springs from the belief that it is a help towards making a better living. The well-to-do Egyptian, loving routine and fearing responsibility, looks upon work in a Government office, at a fixed salary and with automatic functions, as an ideal occupation. The peasant feels that his sons will earn more money by running behind tourists' donkeys, or giving them inaccurate information about monuments, than they could if they remained peasants. Hence arises the desire for teaching that will enable boys to pass examinations, and especially for instruction in English, which will make them useful both to the pleasure pilgrim and to the British official.

In this purely mercenary view of the advantages of education may be found one cause of

the general dissatisfaction with the school system of Egypt. The Egyptian has no grasp of the real meaning of culture. He cannot reason, nor does he wish to reason. The improvement of the mind for its own sake is an idea foreign to him. For ages past he has merely been taught, if he was taught at all, to learn by heart. This he does quickly. But he has no intellectual curiosity. In few cases do young men who have gone through the Government course of education continue the process in after life. Their examinations passed, they consider that they have done with learning. It has served its purpose. They need trouble themselves with it no more.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LOGIC OF FACTS.

"... To fit the recipient [of education] to become a more efficient member of the society into which he has been born, not to qualify him for fresh spheres."—*Mr Currie, Director of Education in the Soudan.*

It was a hot morning and Luxor fairly quivered. Yet in the garden there were shade and beauty, and the most agreeable blend of perfumes—roses, mimosa, mignonette. Also there were a long straw and a long tumbler with the cool clink of ice in it, while the hawks were crooning restfully their musical trill. I was sorely tempted to sit there. But on the other hand I had arranged to see the American Mission School. So I pulled myself together, scrambled on to a donkey, and jogged off through the

narrow village streets. Past the squatting silversmith plying dexterous fingers over filagree work. Through endless small flocks of black, woolly sheep. Past the big tourist boat, where nine Arabs in scarlet jerseys are moving in perfect unison with linked arms as they polish the deck with their feet to a queer little Eastern "chanty." Past the tent hospital, where rows of black babies are waiting to be treated for eye-disease, the scourge of Egypt, at Sir Ernest Cassel's expense. And so to the solid brick building with the Stars and Stripes flying from its roof — the American Mission School.

It makes an Englishman feel rather ashamed that for fifty years the Americans have been covering Egypt with schools, while we, as individuals, have done next to nothing of the kind. There are 18,000 pupils in these schools, and 453 natives have been trained to teach in them. Of course they are Christian schools, but Moslems send their

children as well, for no direct proselytising is allowed. Yet, equally, of course, the spirit of all the teaching is Christian, and to this few of the Moslem parents seem to object. Miss Buchanan, the able and devoted head of the Luxor college for girls, told me of a high local official who always sent his daughter to Sunday-school; and I heard from Dr Giffen, who was formerly at Tantah, of a bey who begged to be allowed to place his two sons as boarders, because he wanted them "not to be left to the care of servants," as he and his brothers had been. But at the same time it is certain that any attempt to do in Government schools what is done by the American Mission would provoke a crisis.

Even if that were not certain, it would be foolish to pretend that the American methods appeal in their sum and substance to the British mind. For example, I had a quarrel, a most friendly and pleasant quarrel, with Professor M'Clenahan of the Assiout

College over the college song. Here is the first stanza of it with the chorus:—

"Assiout College now is standing,
No dead relic of the past;
But a tower still demanding
Truth and justice first and last.
As the desert outposts guard her
From a grave 'neath drifting sand,
She's to Egypt's sons a mother,
Sheltering by her outstretched hand.

Chorus—

Tell to all her queenly dower,
Love and truth which never die;
Ring her praises from the tower,
O'er the land and to the sky."

Now this may seem a small matter, but it really has a greater importance than at first appears. If education cannot teach the native students of advanced classes to distinguish between decent verse and such dreadful doggerel as this, what good can it do? Is it worth teaching Egyptian young men English, if they are allowed to regard this "song" with feelings of anything but

amused contempt? It is bad enough to teach boys to write execrable Latin verse. But that is, at any rate, a mental exercise of some value, and it does not debase their taste. Unfortunately, the song of the Syrian Protestant College, also established by the Americans, and carried on with excellent results in many directions for fifty years, is of the same order.

"Far, far above the waters
Of the deep blue sea,
Lies the campus of the College
Where we love to be.
Far away behold Kenisi,
Far beyond Sannin,
Rising hoary to the heavens,
Clad in glorious sheen.

Chorus—

Look before us!
Shout the chorus!
See the banner wave.
S.P.C. to thee all glory,
Make us true and brave."

A "literary education" which does not educate above the lowest level of the feeblest

"Poets' Corner" in the most obscure newspaper, seems to me, in spite of my respect and admiration for the American missionaries' work, a pathetic example of energy misplaced.

On the other hand, in numerous other ways they do exceedingly well. I saw at Luxor tiny girls being taught geography with sand,—making mountains and islands and promontories, thoroughly enjoying themselves, and quickly picking up ideas. I saw elder girls learning to take a more extended interest in foreign countries by means of sheets of pictures of great events, great men, great cities, and so on. There is a genuine demand for the instruction of girls. Many young men will not have uneducated wives. In this direction the Americans are satisfying a want. Then a large proportion of the boys who speak English say they learnt it at the American schools. I am sure the latter train many of their pupils to be truthful and to regard promises as binding, and to aim at a higher standard of life, in addi-

tion to imparting knowledge. Yet such education as they give can never solve the problem upon which the future of Egypt largely depends. It is not only that many of their teachers are inclined to look upon education almost as a fetish. It is not only that they teach many children English who would be better without it (here, they say, they are obliged to give way to the parents' wishes). The real reason which must make their work always more or less an exotic is their prejudice against the religion of the soil.

Here we come to the heart of the matter. It is easy to say, "We must teach these poor Orientals the superior religion of the West." It is possible to point to individual cases in which this has been done with encouraging effect. But we shall certainly never do any good in Egypt or any other Eastern country by means of Western methods (which in any cases do not give such marvellous results even in Europe and the United States!). Almost all our troubles in India arise from the mistake made by Macaulay when he decided in favour

of Western as against Oriental culture. To some extent we have made the same mistake in Egypt, and already we are reaping a harvest of hatred and discontent. This result follows from two causes. One is, that Westernisation cuts away the ground on which the Oriental has been accustomed to stand, yet fails to give him any sure foothold in its place. The spring of modern Western education tends to make those who drink at it critical and unsettled in their minds. Consequently the increased material prosperity of Egypt, the order and security which Britain has introduced, have merely set the majority of partly "educated" minds free to abuse and vilify us. The New Spirit is in many quarters the spirit of Jeshurun, who "waxed fat and kicked."

Even so, it might have little influence but for the second of the two reasons I mentioned. This is the readiness of the Moslem masses to be stirred by appeals to their traditional anti-Christian distrust. An ideal system of education would have these results: it would make no sudden, unsettling change in the Egyptian's

view of life, yet it would quicken his intelligence, and, in Mr Currie's wise words, "fit him to become a more efficient member of the society into which he was born," at the same time weakening the intolerant element in his nature by "letting in fresh light and air from the outside world." To counteract the unprogressiveness of Islam, and to make the native mind familiar with the world as it is, without making any direct assault upon the Moslem faith—that is the problem to be solved. The American and other missions say that nothing but Christian morality will serve. Yet from the precepts of the Koran children can be taught the value of honesty, truthfulness, kindness to animals as well as men, courtesy, sympathy, patience, perseverance, thrift, purity, cleanliness, love of parents and country, and other virtues. Insistence upon these precepts would have quite as good an effect as the inculcation of Western morals.

A criticism upon the Egyptian system of education which I heard from several well-qualified observers was this: "It is not simple enough."

As to this, it would be presumptuous in me to attempt to judge. Mr Douglas Dunlop, who is in charge of the Education Department, has by common agreement administered his trust with statesmanlike ability. But of course he works within limits. He cannot do exactly as he would. The complaints made are all on the score of his attempting to do too much. Very likely this is not a matter completely within his control. It has been pointed out that a more limited field of attack would yield better results. It certainly seems rather ambitious, even for fourth-year students in secondary schools, to attempt to gain in three hours a-week a "general knowledge of French literature," and an acquaintance with the works of the principal authors in Greek, Latin, English, German, Italian, and Spanish! Also it strikes one as curious to select 'The Master of Ballantrae' for young Egyptians to read in their course of studies, seeing that its conversations are chiefly in Scottish dialect, and that a knowledge of Scottish history is required before the story can be understood.

Many are of opinion, too, that the History programme covers too wide an area to be useful. Here is the fourth-year syllabus :—

I.—An Outline of Roman History, with Special Reference to Government and Institutions.

A. Foundations of Rome and early history.

B. The Republic.

i. Early organisation. The struggle between the Plebeians and Patricians. Later form of Republican institutions. The Magistrates and the Assemblies.

ii. External expansion. (*a*) The Conquest of Italy. (*b*) Carthage. (*c*) The East. Social and political changes arising from the conquests.

C. Last days of the Republic. The Great Generals.

D. Development of the Empire : The Triumvirates. The Early Cæsars. Organisation of the Provinces.

E. Later History of the Empire : The Barbarian invasions. Division of the Empire. Constantine. The age of Justinian. Codes of Law.

F. Influence of Roman institutions and law on other nations.

II.—Elements of Political Science and Constitutional History.

A. The State.

i. Ancient and modern ideas of the State.

ii. Forms of Government : Monarchy ; Aristocracy ; Democracy.

iii. Functions of Government : Executive ; Judicial ; Legislative.

B. Constitutional History.

i. Feudalism in England, France, and Germany.

ii. Growth of the English Constitution.

Magna Charta. Origin of Parliament.

Growth of the power of the Monarchy under the Tudors.

Conflict of Charles I. and Parliament. The Commonwealth. The Revolution of 1688. Development of Parliamentary institutions in the 18th century.

iii. Development of the royal power in France.

The early Kings and the Nobles. Influence of Roman ideas. Origin of the Parliament and States-General. Charles VII. and Louis XI. Growth of the royal power from Francis I. to Louis XIV. Limitations on the royal power in the 17th and 18th centuries.

iv. The French Revolution. Its causes and constitutional results in France to the present time.

v. The spread of the principles of Constitutional Government.

vi. Brief outline of the Constitutions of England, France, Germany, Russia, Turkey, and the United States.

It is a quite admirable programme—for such as are capable of assimilating it without mental dyspepsia. In fact, it would form an excellent university course, and it supplies a valid answer to those Egyptians who complain that, because there is a regular University in the country, education is neglected

under British rule. In the various schools, secondary and special (such as Law, Medicine, Engineering, and Agriculture), the work of a university is being actually carried on. But the query suggested by those who best know the young Egyptian is: Can he acquire more than a smattering of the general culture which it is sought in the secondary schools to bestow upon him? Are we not assuming a groundwork of intelligence and morality which does not exist? Are we not pouring the new and heady wine of modern ideas into vessels unfit to hold it?

One effect it certainly does have. In spite of the noble teaching which is given on the lines of the lofty morality of the Koran, and with the view of "habituating the pupils from their earliest years to the performance of their religious duties and the acquirement of religious virtues" ('Syllabus of the Primary Course of Study,' 1907),—in spite of this it appears to weaken faith. Macaulay himself admitted that "no Hindu who has received an English

education ever remains sincerely attached to his religion," and the same applies equally, I believe, to Mohammedans. This being so, many find it strange that education should apparently have no effect in reducing fanaticism. "We are hated, not because we have 'imposed a foreign yoke,' but because we are Christians." That is what one is constantly told. But I would humbly submit that this is not quite the conclusion of the whole matter. The masses, no doubt, are induced to be anti-English by the cry of "Islam in danger." But that, in the mouths of the agitators, is a dishonest cry. They do not care about Islam. They are swayed partly by hunger for the spoils of office, partly by genuine Nationalist sentimentality. The masses would not hate us at all if they were not inflamed continually against us on religious grounds by those who are using religion as a political force.

An education which taught true values and the logic of facts, without disturbing the

simple philosophy of life which serves the Oriental far better than our "sick hurry and divided aims" serve us—this would soon work improvement. Such an education would be largely technical, and only to a limited extent literary. It would aim not at "qualifying the young Egyptian for fresh spheres," but at making him a more competent tiller of the soil, a handicraftsman, a master of machines. It would, at any rate, have better results than teaching young Egypt just enough to enable them to read the newspapers, and to believe any rubbish that the most violent may print.

CHAPTER XII.

THE NEWSPAPER HABIT.

"To administer capital punishment upon the murderer [of the Prime Minister] and allow these dangerous journals to continue their infamous work will be to scotch the head of the snake and not to kill it."—*Letter from an Egyptian in the 'Egyptian Gazette.'*

No city has a more active café life than Cairo. Even in the morning the little iron tables on the pavement are thronged. Whenever you pass a café there are numbers of tarbushes to be seen both outside and inside. A few people may be playing dice or dominoes. But the mass are reading newspapers and talking politics. They learnt this habit as well as the café habit from France. French influence upon the Egyptians used to be very strong. These are some of the traces it has left behind. The Egyptian Nationalist news-

papers have borrowed their methods of furious invective from such journals as *L'Intransigeant* and *La Patrie*. Young Egypt has caught from Paris the carping, disaffected attitude towards all Governments which marks the boulevard café politician.

There is no more striking manifestation of the New Spirit than the rapid growth of the Arabic daily Press. In the afternoons the various native newspapers as they appear are bought up rapidly; the barefooted newspaper boys in their blue or white robes and grubby turbans do a bustling trade. The newspaper habit has taken a firm hold, and there can be no doubt that it does—some good, very likely, but also a great deal of harm. For, naturally, seeing that the Egyptian has not yet developed a very high degree of political intelligence, it is the most violent articles which have the greatest effect upon him.

He is not able yet to distinguish between false and true. He is, like all those who are in the intermediate stage of education and

intellectual development, a victim to the tyranny of the printed word. The Oriental mind, being left undeveloped by Oriental methods of instruction, which aim at exercising memory rather than at strengthening reason, is naturally inclined to be credulous. It is also naturally given to accepting without question any show of authority. Tell an Oriental of average intelligence that a certain thing is so, and he will believe you. The wildest rumours are listened to and repeated as facts in the bazaars of all Eastern cities, if only they are stated with sufficient certainty.

What the newspapers assert, therefore, is immediately believed, if only they assert it with due emphasis. Argument is useless. Rhetoric carries all before it. The Nationalist writers do not attempt to argue. Ahmed Loutfi, one of the cleverest of them, replied to Mr Roosevelt's Cairo address on Egyptian unreadiness for self-government, not by citing proofs to the contrary, but by holding up the ex-President to ridicule in wild and

whirling periods for daring to come from America "to talk about liberty and independence to the Egyptians, who have known how to govern themselves ever since the days of the Pharaohs." Sheer nonsense, of course, but rewarded by deafening applause. The tyranny of the specious phrase!

A French writer in the *Progrès* of Cairo has spoken of the Egyptians as "the most insipid and the emptiest chatterboxes in the world." "What they love," he said, "is talking without saying anything." "One must listen for a whole day before one discovers even the symptom of an idea in an Egyptian politician." That is putting the case too strongly. M. Lucien van Costen wrote in a fit of pardonable exasperation. But there is a solid ground-basis of truth underneath his exaggerated complaint. Violent rhetoric has a deplorable effect upon the Egyptian, whose emotions are easily played upon, and who accepts as gospel anything that is put before him with oratorical trimmings. The dangerous spread of Nationalist (that is,

anti-British and anti-Christian) doctrines during the last year or two is entirely due to the furious ravings of *Al Lewa* (pronounce "Looer") and its less rampant but still seditiously energetic contemporaries, *Al Ahram*, *Al Gerida*, and *Al Moayad.*

As newspapers these organs of agitation are of no account. By far the best Arabic newspaper in Egypt, and, indeed, in the world, is *Al Mokattam.* Founded just twenty-one years ago by a group of clever Syrians, including Dr Nimr, one of Lord Cromer's most trusted friends and advisers, it has won a position of influence and authority all over the Eastern world. It has well-informed correspondents everywhere, and frequently receives important news before it reaches official circles. It is read all over North Africa, in Arabia, in Turkey, in India, in Persia; by Eastern communities in Europe, in South Africa, in Australia, in the United States. Being Christian and pro-British, it is not liked by the Moslems. But they read it for its valuable news-service and articles. The

Watan and the *Misr*, Coptic newspapers, also favour the British occupation, and so, more or less, does the European press in Egypt. Since the *entente cordiale* the French journals, which used to denounce us daily, have entirely altered their tone. Now they point out to Egypt how incapable she would be of carrying on competently if the British were to withdraw!

The *Egyptian Gazette*, the only English journal of any account, devotes itself with able industry to nailing lies to the counter as fast as they are uttered. It is always moderate and reasonable. But these European papers have no weight with the natives. It is really to the *Lewa* principally that young Egypt has been accustomed to look for guidance, and here is the sort of guidance it got:—

> This land is polluted by the English, putrefied with their atrocities. They tied our tongues, burned our people alive, hanged our innocent relatives, and perpetrated other horrors sufficient to make Heaven tremble, the earth to split, and the mountains to fall down.

The *Lewa* has now ceased to be the official Nationalist organ, but it used to rave in this fashion every day. No bombast was too absurd for it, no slander too scandalous, no exaggeration too grotesque. It pretended, on the strength of letters signed by a few nobodies, or a telegram despatched by a single inhabitant of a town, to speak in the name of the whole land. In any European country save Russia it would have been laughed at. But young Egypt, unsettled by the critical culture of the West and intoxicated by the silly Nationalism of which sentimentalists prate so noisily to-day, believed its diatribes to be the height of patriotic eloquence. Its disciples are "just enough educated to read the newspapers and to believe any rubbish that the most violent may print."

After the murder of the Prime Minister the *Lewa*, which had done so much to instigate deeds of violence, took a hypocritical tone, and denied its part in the crime. But the students

nourished on its doctrines were not so careful. At the Khedivial School of Agriculture one wrote on the blackboard, with the general approval of the Moslems, "The traitor is dead! May the assassin flourish." At the School of Law the Moslem students threatened that if the Coptic Christian students wore black ties for their co-religionist they would flaunt red ones. At the Medical School the Copts were told that any funeral wreaths they brought would be destroyed. At the Engineering School some young blackguard conceived the idea of sending a telegram to the Prime Minister's family exulting in the crime. But, happily, though it met with much applause, this fiendish trick was not played. None of the Moslem students at these schools joined in the funeral procession of the man whom Lord Cromer described as "the most capable of living Egyptian Ministers." At the Tewfikieh School, however, Moslems joined with Copts, "thanks to the excellent discipline of the principal."

Discipline! That is what young Egypt badly needs.

Probably, as I have suggested in a previous chapter, the Nationalist leaders are few of them so fanatical or such firebrands as they seem. When one of them at Tantah last year spoke of the British as the "red-faced and black-hearted people who killed all joy in the land," and declared that "a patriot would prefer to see his country covered with corpses rather than full of slaves," he was, I expect, merely practising his rhetoric. But, while the leaders take care not to act upon their own suggestions, there are plenty of followers who yearn for the "deeds" of which the *Lewa* was always talking. Unless the Government keeps a strong line Egypt will be bathed in blood again. "The Arabist movement," wrote Lord Milner in his 'England in Egypt,' "passed with frightful rapidity from a protest against the abuses of European influence to an attack upon that influence in every form." It is certain that,

unless it had been checked, the present skilfully worked-up movement would have already undergone the same transition.

It is no use thinking that, as in Western countries, violent language may serve as a safety-valve. The East does not understand the safety-valve principle. It is no use warning young Egypt that if we have to use force their dream of an ultimate British evacuation will fade utterly away. Young Egypt has its tail too high to comprehend this. It is no use counting upon the loyalty of the country to the Khedive. The Nationalists have no loyalty. Remember how Khedive Tewfik encouraged Arabi, and then discovered that his protégé had got beyond his control. Many people think that this has happened again, that Khedive Abbas was inclined to favour the party of Independence, and now finds that he cannot hold them back. I watched a political street demonstration one day in Cairo, another outcome of the Newspaper Habit. The demon-

strators had a wild light in their eyes as they shouted their Nationalist watchwords. Clearly they were not people with whom one could argue. The police recognised this and got out a hose-pipe. If only the Government would do the same!

CHAPTER XIII.

A VISIT TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

"The Englishman leaning far over to hold his loved India will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile and sit in the seats of the Faithful."—KINGLAKE.

"EGYPT," said Napoleon, "is the most important country in the world." Without exaggeration we can declare that for Britain it is still so to-day. Lord Palmerston once remarked in private talk, "If ever the Suez Canal be made, England will be compelled to annex Egypt."

In course of time the Suez Canal was made. Yet England did not annex Egypt. To have done so then would have meant war with Turkey and France. To do so now might mean war with Turkey and Germany. British diplomacy, however, stumbled upon a way to

safeguard our interests without making any apparent change.

Actually we altered everything, but we still kept the old names, a peculiarly British method which has on the whole answered well. Nominally the Khedive and his Ministers govern. In effect their British advisers do so. There used to be some difference of opinion as to whether this had benefited the country. There is none now. Foreign observers agree that there is better order, better justice, greater prosperity, a far more efficient Army, an immeasurably more competent system of finance. Even the Nationalists who would send us packing admit that we have set things straight for them. No one dependent on agriculture wants to see the British irrigation engineers leave. The peasantry would never put the same trust in native officials as they do in those of British blood. "Send an English inspector" is always the request to the Ministry of the Interior when there is any trouble in the provinces. No one engaged in

business would go to law with any confidence after the departure of British judges. Yet the Independent Egypt Party become more and more active. Their newspapers are allowed to attack us violently and without the smallest regard for truth. Egyptian officials are being encouraged to think they can get along without British help. The impression that "the English are going" gains ground.

Now, let us suppose that Egypt were handed over to the Nationalists next year. What would happen? In the first place, there would be a tremendous outcry from the great majority of substantial people all over the country. For although most Egyptians, nearly all Egyptians, look forward to a time when they will be left to themselves, they would be very sorry to see us go at once. The Constitutional Party, for example, which has been started by Idris Bey Ragheb, will be quite content for many years to draw up paper Constitutions on the best models, and nothing would alarm them more than to hear that one of their amiable

exercises was really to be tried. In fact, most Egyptians are but platonically in love with independence.

How could the Coptic Christians feel confidence in a Government dominated by men whose organ, *Al Lewa*, addressed them thus less than two years ago:—

> You should be kicked to death. You have faces and bodies similar to those of demons or monkeys, which is a proof that they hide poisonous spirits within their souls. . . .

How could men of business have confidence in those who set themselves against the Suez Canal agreement upon sentimental grounds? How could Europe trust a Parliament which acted as the present General Assembly does? In picturesqueness this body (which has merely consultative powers) stands easily ahead of all other Parliaments. Its eighty members are mostly Arab sheikhs who sweep in with that air of world-masters which the Arabs have never lost since they overran Europe, and which

alone among peoples they share with the British race. Their black outer robes reveal beneath garments of rich grey or yellow or blue striped silk. Their turbans are white, worn over red skull-caps with blue tassels! Some of the older ones keep to the traditional red or yellow loose Moslem shoes. They are tall and dignified, yet merry among themselves.

When I attended one of their sittings I was taken into an anteroom before the proceedings began and introduced to several over cups of coffee and glasses of water and cigarettes, the invariable accompaniments to visits, official or otherwise, in Egypt. Their manners were magnificent and their greetings friendly, though, as scarcely one could speak anything but Arabic, our conversation was limited. They left a much better impression upon me than the members who wear European clothes with tarbushes on their heads, though among the latter, too, there are a few strong, clever faces, such as that of Abaza Pasha, with whom I had an interesting little talk in French. The Presi-

dent seemed timid and altogether of too weak a personality to guide such a turbulent team. There was a curious little scene, illustrating the Assembly's state of mind, when the President proposed to have the report of the Committee on the Suez Canal proposals printed for distribution among members. Instantly there was an uproar. He was accused of trying to deprive them of their rights, which include deciding what documents shall be printed and when. He explained that his object was merely to give every one the opportunity to study it as soon as possible. But he had aroused suspicion. The deputies behaved like children. They refused to allow the report to be printed until they had heard it read!

They spend a large part of their time passing resolutions on all kinds of subjects, which they know will be ineffective. These are read over by the secretary. "It appears," wrote Lord Cromer in 1907, "that many of the members are unable to read with facility the resolutions down in their own names, many

of which were unquestionably dictated to them by others, and the contents of which they often very imperfectly understood." The Assembly rejected a year or two ago a proposal that its members must be able to read and write well. But they can almost all speak well — or at all events, fluently. It is an exercise which they thoroughly enjoy.

In all there are eighty members of the Assembly—seven Ministers and seventy-three delegates, some nominated, the rest elected. The elections, however, are a farce. All Egyptians of full age have votes, but they do not use them. The number which goes to the poll, even in Cairo and Alexandria, is quite small. In the villages either there is complete apathy, or else the *Omdeh* (mayor) sends the policeman to drive electors to the polls, where they vote obediently as they are told. As yet the *fellah* does not even understand what representative government means.

Some of the matters to which the Assembly invites the attention of the Government by

resolution are certainly worth notice. But far too many of them are either merely provocative or merely futile. It is futile to complain of the increasing burdens on the peasantry, when the fact is that the number of small holdings purchased by natives, with the assistance of agricultural, land, and mortgage banks, has grown very largely in the last ten years. It is provocative to clamour for fuller powers, giving the Assembly control over the financial and general administration of the country.

A good many members support such motions merely in order to avoid being abused by the native press. In private talk they rate them at their true value, but they lack the courage of their convictions. They follow the line of least resistance for the sake of popularity and peace. What the result of letting the Assembly rule Egypt would be can only be justly estimated by those who have studied their proceedings. Probably it would lead to the seizure of power by some irresponsible

despot who would use the members for his purpose as long as it suited him and then trample over them. With the fatalism of their Oriental natures, they would shrug their shoulders and let him do as he pleased.

One incident I saw was most impressive. At sunset the President and some other members had a clean carpet laid on the floor of one of the rooms adjoining the chamber, and said their evening prayers. "Such conduct," commented the 'Egyptian Gazette' with excellent good feeling, "has always created admiration and respect in witnesses from the West." It certainly did so in me. I heartily wished I could feel equal respect for their other proceedings. But their repeated demands for the grant of full Parliamentary institutions can only be described in Lord Cromer's words as "wholly spurious and manufactured."

When Khedive Ismail established a Parliament, so that Egypt might be in the Western fashion, he explained beforehand to the members how in England and in France

those in favour of the "general policy of the Government" sat on one side of the House and those in opposition to it on the other. When he arrived to open the proceedings he found all the members sitting on the Government side. The opposite benches were empty. There was no Opposition. To oppose the Government, which was really Ismail, would, in the minds of those sheikhs and *ulemas*, have been an act of madness, likely to result in their losing their liberty, if not their lives. How can it be supposed that the sons of men who reasoned thus less than half a century ago are fit for representative institutions to be dumped down among them?

The assumptions, due to inexperience of the world, that all men are equal; that it is only environment which influences character; and that what is good for one nation must be good for all,—would, if they were acted upon, quickly bring our civilisation toppling to the dust. To refuse to admit any essential distinctions between coloured

people and white, between those who live in hot climates where cultivation is easy and those whom nature compels to work hard for their daily bread, between those who have had generations of civilised self-governing ancestors and those who for centuries have lived as helots and slaves,—to put oneself in this position is to kick against the pricks of Actual Fact.

The British Empire—for this is an imperial question—should countenance no Government in Egypt which does not make it plain that evacuation is a very long way off. It would also have a good effect if we let it be known that should there be any attempt at revolution in Egypt, resulting in the overthrow of the Khedivial system, we should "sit in the seats of the Faithful" ourselves. It might mean war, but we should have something worth while to fight for. If ever England quits Egypt unwillingly without a struggle, it will mean that the dream of a British Empire has faded utterly away.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SUEZ CANAL QUESTION.

Those who declare that the General Assembly is a body fit to be intrusted with larger powers had an unpleasant jar to their belief when the Assembly rejected, in April 1910, the proposed agreement regarding the Suez Canal.

It was convoked in extraordinary session to discuss a matter which will affect the welfare of the country, one way or the other, for the next hundred years. This matter was the proposed renewal of the concessions to the Suez Canal Company for another forty years after 1966, when the present agreement between the company and the Egyptian Government expires.

It may seem like looking a long way ahead to decide now what shall happen sixty years hence. But the company was anxious to get its position clearly defined, and the advantage to Egypt would have been equally great. Egypt needs money for various public works. There is much land waiting to be reclaimed and made fertile, if only the Government could afford to undertake further irrigation works. Many people bought lands ten years ago, thinking they would shortly have water brought to them. But no water has come. There are no funds to spare for it. Railways, too, are badly needed. Many cotton growers would extend their plantations into new districts if they could get their cotton carried to the sea by rail. To send it on camels does not pay. Here are two ways in which the development of the country is kept back by lack of money for public works. Then there is education: a better system urgently required: impossible for lack of funds.

Well, Egypt had now the chance to make up these deficiencies at no cost to herself. Here was the situation. When the Canal was made forty years ago, the company obtained a concession from the Government for a century from 1869. It was also arranged at that time that the Government should receive 15 per cent of the profits, which amount at present to between two and three million pounds a-year. This 15 per cent was unfortunately surrendered in the financial chaos which led to the intervention in Egyptian affairs of Great Britain and France, and now Egypt gets nothing out of the Canal at all. Nor under the original arrangement could it get anything for sixty years to come. As Mr H. P. Harvey, financial adviser to the Khedive, said in a Note presented last year to the Cabinet—

The actual situation presents this anomaly, that the present generation, upon whom falls a heavy part of the sacrifices entailed by the construction of the Canal, derives no benefit from it, whereas

in sixty years the generations to come will find in it, perhaps, a vast source of wealth. It would be not only fair, but economically a great advantage, to let Egypt of to-day and the next generation receive a portion of the future profits.

The proposal before the Legislative Council, then, was this: That for forty years, from 1969, the company should still own the Canal, but should divide the annual profit with the Government. In return for this prolongation of their concession, the company undertook to pay into the Egyptian Treasury during the sixty years to come annual sums carefully calculated on a fair financial basis. These sums, it is estimated, would in the period between 1910 and 1969 have placed at the disposal of the Government an amount not less than £90,000,000. My authority for this figure is Dr Nimr, editor of the widely circulated Arabic journal *El Mokattam*, and one of the ablest men in the country. Wisely spent, such an amount would be of enormous advantage to a country perpetually in want of funds.

Why, then, did the Nationalist Party so clamorously demand that the Legislative Assembly should reject the proposal? Why did the members of the Council meet in a spirit of antagonism to the scheme? Why was Prince Hussein, the President of the Council, so depressed by their attitude (and by the personal attacks made upon himself also) that he resigned his post and abandoned public life? The key to the situation lay in the phrase, "Egypt for the Egyptians." The noisy Nationalists said, "Let us get rid of all foreigners as quickly as we can." Also they argued that if Egypt obtains possession of the Canal in 1969 it will be able to make huge profits. Also they profess to disbelieve that the £90,000,000 would be applied to the development of Egypt. "The English would steal it," they snarled, "or send it to the Sudan."

As to their contention that Egypt would benefit to a greater extent financially by taking over the Canal in 1969, it was palpably

unsound. The Canal has become so necessary to the commerce of all nations that they would certainly not allow the dues to be raised; and to make the Nationalist dream come true with the present rates in force, ships would have to follow one another through at the rate of one an hour, both by night and day, which is manifestly absurd. In all probability the Canal dues will have to be reduced again before very long, as they have been once already. There is this to be considered, too. In sixty years' time the modes of travel and conveyance may be as different from those of to-day as the latter are from those of 1869. There is the conquest of the air to be reckoned with.

In any case, it is quite possible that in sixty years' time the Powers might decline altogether to let the Canal pass under Egyptian control. At all events, commercial opinion is very strongly in favour of continuing the management of the company as long as

possible. If one eliminated the business aspect, one could sympathise to a certain extent with Nationalist feelings, even though one saw how misguided they were. But there cannot be any doubt, looking at the question from a financial standpoint, that the renewal of the concession would greatly benefit Egypt, both at present and in the long-run.

But what happened? The elaborate report drawn up by the Financial Adviser was ridiculed. A reply to it was drawn up declaring its calculations incorrect. Great stress was laid upon the exclusion of Egyptians from the management of the Canal, which certainly is a hardship. That, however, could have been remedied by a clause in the convention providing for the gradual introduction of native engineers in minor posts. A fictitious agitation was got up all over the country. The proposal was represented as a blow at Egyptian hopes and aspirations. Finally, the Assembly threw it out.

Why they were given the deciding voice

no one could understand, except Sir Elden Gorst, and he kept the reason to himself. Never before had they been permitted to exercise a legislative function: they had been simply a consultative body. It caused general astonishment when the Khedive, having recommended the project to them as being approved by the Government, went on to say: "My Ministers, however, have decided not to settle this exceptionally important affair until they know whether the General Assembly is favourable to the prolongation."

Thus the Assembly was put upon its trial. Some held that this was really Sir Elden Gorst's deep-laid plot to show it up. If it had decided this matter in such a way as to show that it had the interests of the country at heart, it would have taken a good step forward towards Parliamentary government in Egypt. By allowing itself to be swayed by passion and fanaticism, it made itself impotent for years to come, and strengthened mightily the arguments of those who declare that the

Nationalists are not fit to take any part in the government of their country.

Sir Elden Gorst wrote in his report for 1908 that "no extension of the functions of the Assembly is desirable until their proceedings show that such a course can be adopted without danger to the wellbeing of the community." That only made more inexplicable his deliberate extension of their functions before they had shown anything of the kind. To abandon to such a body the interests of the people we have undertaken to protect would be, not only a folly, but a national crime.

CHAPTER XV.

THE RISE OF THE "NATIONALISTS."

"I may be told it is our duty to raise the Oriental mind to the intellectual standard of European civilisation. For myself I am sceptical as to the truth of that theoretical duty."—EDWARD DICEY, C.B.

I HAVE already quoted Lord Cromer's description of the demand for Parliamentary government in Egypt as "wholly spurious and manufactured." But the phrase needs explanation. I can best explain it by a sketch of the Nationalist movement.

This movement has been ignored by almost all writers about Egypt. Only the less serious of them have touched upon it, and they have either merely abused the Nationalists, or else accepted them at their own valuation. To understand the state of the country, their

agitation must be viewed impartially, even with some sympathy, for it is quite possible to detest what people are doing, and yet to feel that we might do likewise if we were in their place.

What Lord Cromer meant, when he used the epithets "spurious and manufactured," was this. The demand for a Parliament which shall really govern the country is not, as is pretended, a "national" demand at all. It comes only from a very small section of the people of Egypt. The great mass of the population are content to be governed by anybody so long as the methods of government are humane, equitable, and firm. From experience the peasantry have learnt that British rule is fairer than that of the Turk; there is no oppression, no forced labour, no tax-farming with its attendant hardships. The supply of water, upon which the prosperity of the country depends, is ampler and better regulated. British officials are trusted to do justice according to their lights. There has

not until lately been any dissatisfaction among the people at large with the results of the British occupation.

Such dissatisfaction as now exists began among the small section of Egyptian *effendis* (gentlemen), who feel it a grievance that they are not governing the country, and who have mostly been educated upon Western lines. The cause of unrest is the same in Egypt as in India. In each country there has come into being a class of half-Europeanised agitators who have hastily swallowed the modern ideas of Liberty and Nationality and Popular Government, and who are suffering in consequence from severe mental indigestion. If they were thoroughly steeped in Western thought they would understand that self-government by means of Parliamentary institutions is a plant of slow growth, which must push up from deep roots, going through various stages of development before it comes to maturity. It cannot be imported from an alien soil and dumped down upon a surface

unprepared to receive it. In Egypt, however, as in India and in Russia, there is a pathetic belief among the advocates of change that a Parliament is a specific remedy for all evils, —a pill which can be confidently counted on to purge the body politic of all undesirable humours.

The Nationalists in Egypt are, I believe, quite sincere in their conviction that if Britain withdrew, and left the Egyptians a system of Parliamentary government, all would be well with the country. They forget that the Egyptian peasant, unable to read or write, with no experience of public affairs, and no interests, as a rule, outside the routine of daily life, is utterly unfitted to govern himself. Even the more or less educated native has been too recently freed from tyranny to feel that sturdy self-sufficiency which must be the backbone of a popular system. He is a voluble talker, and his energies evaporate in words. He is often a useful subordinate. Many of the natives who have recently been

given places in the public service have justified their appointments. But there are very few Egyptians who could be trusted with power over their fellows. They have not the balance of mind, the firm judgment, the impartiality, which are required in an administrator acting without a constant check upon his proceedings from above.

Let me give an instance. If Egyptian officials and officers had been capable men, the Mahdi's revolt could have been snuffed out before it became serious. Egypt would have been saved the expense of reconquering the Sudan. The Sudan would have been saved from the grim nightmare of Mahdist tyranny. At the very beginning of the Holy War, Abu Saud, an Egyptian, was sent to bid the False Prophet to Khartoum. Abu Saud, however, was overawed by the Mahdi's pretensions. His Oriental mind was impressed by the confidence of the fanatic. He went back without him.

Then came the first expedition against the

Mahdist forces. This was completely muddled by Egyptian officers, who fired on one another instead of at the enemy, and left the situation much worse than they found it. A little later another Egyptian officer, Mohammed Guma, could have wiped the Mahdi out, but he referred to El Obeid for instructions, and the chance slipped away. That is the Egyptian's instinct, as it is the Hindu's—to ask somebody "What shall I do?"

Yet a further opportunity of crushing the serpent which grew to such a huge size was offered when the first attack of the Mahdists upon El Obeid had been repulsed. Said Pasha, the governor-general of Kirdofan, might have pursued and captured the Prophet, but he sat still. It is pitiful to think what misery and degradation followed as the direct result of this chain of feeble mistakes.

Still we cannot reasonably expect the Egyptians to see themselves as others see them. The Nationalists think they are capable of governing the country far better than

it is governed under British supervision. And their real object is to get the government into their own hands. Their talk about representative institutions is a blind. They see that they can only work towards their aim by using the catchwords of Democracy, so as to win simple-minded believers in "Progress" over to their side. If they said, "We want to rule as an oligarchy; we want billets for ourselves; we consider that, as a class, we *effendis* have the right to manage our country's affairs,"—if they put their demand thus bluntly, the believers in Progress would be shocked. So they are adroit enough to pretend they are the liberators of the masses, and that they are really giving voice to the aspirations of the *fellahin*.

It was Mustapha Pasha Kamel who first saw the advantage of so ingenious a "bluff." To this quick-witted young man (he was only thirty-four when he died on February 10, 1908) the Nationalist agitation is almost entirely due. As soon as he came of age, he

began to organise a party of independence. This was in 1895. He had all the precocious ability of the Oriental boy, and with it went a restless energy which kept him constantly at work. He also had a good income, and devoted it to pushing his schemes. From 1895-98 he went round the Continent seeking to enlist sympathy with the idea of a free Egypt. He was for a time secretary to the French statesman, M. Deloncle, and had a good deal of diplomatic address. Also he was a fluent writer, unscrupulous in his methods, skilled in the use of specious logical forms which easily affected minds unaccustomed to think. Here are some extracts from his book, 'Egyptiens et Anglais,' published in Paris in 1906:—

> England has only laid hands on the government of Egypt in order the better to stifle the national sentiment, and remove the Egyptians from every source of science and liberty. . . .
>
> The conduct of the English towards us is unworthy and revolting. All our men of worth are driven from power.

How many times have we not seen these civilisers commit crimes in broad daylight for the mere pleasure of killing! . . . Two years ago the English authority at Cairo caused seven persons to be burned alive at Baliana, in Upper Egypt, on the pretext that they were robbers and resisted the police.

The first and second are merely "hot air." The third is a shameless lie.

In 1908 Mustapha Pasha Kamel founded the *Lewa* (Standard) to be the newspaper organ of his party. It was cleverly edited, and its slashing abuse of everything British soon won it circulation. Yet for a long time the Nationalist movement hung fire. In 1906, however, three events combined to carry it forward.

The defeat of the Russians, a Western race, by the Japanese, an Oriental race, sent a ripple of excitement throughout the East, and certainly fanned the flicker of anti-British feeling in Egypt. The incident of the Sinai Peninsula, where the Turks attempted to invade Egyptian soil, and were compelled by

Great Britain to retire, had the same effect. For although it was their own territory upon which Turkish troops had encroached, yet the Nationalists turned round and abused England for keeping it intact. "You may have done something for us," they said in effect, "but we hate you all the more for it. And please understand that, if ever you and Turkey went to war, we should be on Turkey's side." No wonder Lord Cromer remarked pathetically in one of his reports—

It is the extreme inconsistency of the Oriental mind which renders Eastern affairs so difficult of comprehension.

The third cause which lent more driving-power to the Young Egypt Party (as it had now come to be called) was the wretched Denshawai affair. Of this I give an account later on. Enough to say at present that out of a deplorable series of misunderstandings arose the belief in Egypt that British officers had no respect for either property or life, and

the belief in England that our soldiers were liable at any moment to be beaten to death by enraged peasants. Naturally the Nationalist movement went ahead.

During 1906 the situation in Egypt seemed to be serious. "All this year," Sir Edward Grey told the House of Commons in July, acting as mouthpiece for Lord Cromer,—"all this year fanatical feeling has been on the increase," and he added that if it got the better of authority, the necessity for "extreme measures" would arise. Happily, the increase of the British garrison had the effect of immediately producing "comparative tranquillity." But there had been grave danger of another anti-Christian and anti-European outbreak like that which came to a head in 1882 under Arabi Pasha. Several attacks had been made on Englishmen. A soldier was assaulted in Cairo. Another was knocked off his donkey in the country and kicked. An irrigation inspector was stoned. Even in 1907, during the cab strike, there were signs

of anti-European feeling. Those who think that we might relax our methods in Egypt should ponder these things. Religion and politics are still inextricably mixed. The Nationalist leaders are not fanatical. But they have appealed to the fanaticism of the people, seeing that by no other means could they interest them in the Independence agitation. They have thus unchained a monster they cannot control. The first cries that are heard in popular disturbances are "Down with the Christians!" and "Let the Europeans go!"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FRUITS OF SENTIMENTAL ANARCHISM.

"There are foolish empiricists who believe that the granting of a paper constitution, especially if prefaced by some high-sounding declaration, can of itself confer the power of self-government upon a people. This is never so. Nobody can 'give' a people self-government any more than it is possible to 'give' an individual self-help."—Mr Roosevelt *at the Egyptian University, Cairo.*

The trouble which seemed to be coming to a head in 1906 was thus, for the time being, quieted down by the increase of the British garrison in Egypt. But the seeds of hatred which Mustapha Kamel had sowed in favourable soil continued to germinate. It is, after all, natural that the *effendi* class in Egypt should resent not being permitted to run the country themselves. They do not see that it is really Europe which refuses them this permission, and that, if Britain went, it would only be

to leave the road open for some other Power. "This at least may be laid down with absolute certainty," wrote Lord Rosebery when he was Foreign Secretary in 1893, "that Egypt would in no case be released from European control, which might possibly be asserted in a much more stringent and irksome form than at present." Therefore, when Mustapha Kamel set out to convince his fellow-Egyptians of the richer classes that the English had been among them too long, he spoke to audiences already half convinced. He did not imagine that in his own lifetime "the English would go." But he said that he could at least teach the Egyptians to hate the Occupation and all its instruments,—that is to say, the men who were doing their best to "establish on sure foundations the principles of justice, liberty, and public happiness."

In this Mustapha Kamel unfortunately succeeded, so far as the *effendi* class of more or less Europeanised Egyptians was concerned.

On the whole, the Europeanised Egyptian is more to be pitied than blamed. Such education as he has had naturally leaves him discontented. It unsettles his mind; it denationalises him, cuts him off from the intellectual and spiritual life of his fellow-countrymen. His nature is in a ferment. He has probably been trained to no calling: he is only fit to be a clerk in a Government office, and in that direction the market is overstocked. Is it any wonder that he seeks the cause of his discontent rather without than within?

"If the English went," he says to himself, "there would be a chance for me to find some comfortable berth under Government. It is a disgrace to any country to have its affairs managed by foreigners. 'Egypt for the Egyptians' shall be my cry."

So, if he has a restless nature, like Mustapha Kamel, he preaches discontent and independence to the young students in the Cairo colleges of medicine, of law, of agriculture.

He taunts the native army officers with being kept in subjection to Englishmen. He reviles all who are in favour of British rule. Then, finding that the only way to rouse the *fellah* is to play upon his religious feelings, he solemnly warns gaping peasant audiences that Islam is in danger.

He himself has no religion. From that, as well as from most of his other Oriental sheet-anchors, his education has cut him loose. Yet he retains almost always the Oriental view of women. He speaks of them in a manner revolting to the Western ear; and he organises his home-life on the Eastern plan of separate apartments for husband and wife, separate meals, children brought up in the harem and left chiefly to the care of servants, women secluded and veiled. I am not presuming to blame him for this adhesion to the customs of his country. The harem system has many advantages. It is foolish for Europeans to decry it,—to imagine that harem women are unhappy, and would rather

be typists or shop-girls; to contrast their existence with those of wives in the West. Such movement as there is in Egypt towards home-life in our sense—that is to say, comradeship and community of interest between husband and wife—is not among women, but among men. To suppose that Eastern women resent seclusion is absurd. People do not resent the mode of life to which they are accustomed. It seems natural to them. They can hardly imagine themselves living in any other way. I only mention that the Europeanised Egyptian still holds, as a rule, the Eastern idea of women as an odd little fact which illustrates the thinness of the Occidental varnish that has been hastily daubed over his soul.

Although the increase of the British troops in Egypt had its effect in 1906, the agitation continued. It continued, however, upon more "constitutional" lines, and it was not so well supported by rich malcontents. Towards the end of 1907 it was found necessary

to organise a united Party out of the various Nationalist sections, for the purpose both of putting forward a "national" programme and of appealing to the Egyptian people for funds. The wealthy Turks and Egyptians, who had hitherto supported the movement with their gold, had two reasons for ceasing to subscribe. They had been given a proof that the British Government was not affected by the agitation, and they had suffered severe losses, many of them, in the "boom" and the crash.

The programme drawn up was moderately worded. It demanded, after Evacuation, a return to the Constitution of Tewfik (1882), which was suspended in 1883. This Constitution was of "an advanced democratic character." It established a Chamber of Deputies (which never met). The members were to be paid and their persons were to be inviolable. They were to control taxation and to decide as to every measure proposed. On paper the scheme was enticing. But

the leaders of the Arabi Rebellion forgot, what Lord Dufferin pointed out, that "in the East even the germs of constitutional freedom are non-existent. Despotism not only destroys the seeds of Liberty, but renders the soil on which it has trampled incapable of growing the plant" without a long period of preparation. The twenty-four years which had slipped by between the writing of these words and the demand formulated by the Nationalists in 1907 had certainly not done enough to change the character of the soil.

Mustapha Kamel and others have used the argument that, if the Egyptians are not yet fit to govern themselves on Western lines, it must be the fault of the English administrators. A more ridiculous plea was never advanced. In the first place, it is doubtful whether an Eastern people will ever take kindly to representative government. They never have shown any disposition to govern themselves in that way (Turkey and Persia

are merely making experiments, of which the results may be looked for, say, in fifty years). But, even if it be granted that the Egyptians are on the road to Parliamentary institutions, what is twenty-four years in the life of a nation? A mere second of time. It would be as reasonable to expect a savage from the swamps of Kodok to develop in a year into a Londoner or Parisian as to look for such a change in Egypt within any period less than a century at the very least.

The Nationalist programme included also the demand for free and compulsory education, with secondary schools in every province, and a University to prevent the country from "becoming poorer and poorer in eminent men." That last is a good example of Nationalist thought. The production of eminent men is a mechanical process! Provide a University, and they will automatically appear!! This is the fallacy on which all Young Egypt's arguments are based. Apply Western methods, and Western results are

bound to follow. It is pathetic, and so truly Eastern — this sublime belief in the power of the machine.

On February 10, 1908, the Young Egyptians lost their leader. Mustapha Kamel died, still a young man, only thirty-four. Ten thousand people followed him through Cairo to his grave, but it was noticed that they were of his own class. The poor and the peasantry took no part. A new leader was found in Mahomed Bey Ferid, who lacked the qualities of his predecessor, and has made very little mark. An unofficial lieutenant was found, however, in Sheikh Shawish, a fluent writer, who had been for a time a teacher of Arabic in Oxford, and who conducted the *Lewa* with vigorous animosity.

A feature of the campaign during the summer of 1908 was a growing disposition to include the Khedive in the attacks upon British rule. This was due to his Highness's friendship with Sir Eldon Gorst, who had become British Agent, in succession to Lord

Cromer, in 1907. At first this appointment was welcomed both by Egyptians and Europeans. Sir Eldon was said to be the choice of Lord Cromer. He knew Egypt well. He was known to be clever and industrious. It was given out that he would follow the lines of Lord Cromer's policy.

Unfortunately, in his last years of office, Lord Cromer had come to take the view that Egypt was a burden to Britain, a view he expressed in his 'Ancient and Modern Imperialism' (1910); and that Britain would be glad to get rid of it. The great man had grown weary, no doubt. He had borne the heat and dust of the long day, and he began to feel that it was too much. When Sir Eldon told a gathering of British officials soon after his arrival in Cairo that "they were not there to govern Egypt indefinitely, but to teach the Egyptians to govern themselves," he was understood to be carrying out Lord Cromer's ideas.

Of course it made him unpopular with these

officials and with English people generally; they were surprised at such a sentiment from one who had hitherto talked the other way. He became still less a favourite when he began promoting Egyptians in the Government service, and putting Englishmen who had devoted a good part of their lives to the country into back seats. But, on the other hand, the Nationalists extolled his wisdom, and proclaimed the opening of a new era, which would shortly fulfil their highest hopes.

Judge of their disgust, then, at his emphatic condemnation of their activity in his annual reports. He severely blamed the Assembly for inefficient performance of its duties. He denounced the "violent nonsense poured daily into the ears of Egyptian youths at school or college" by the Nationalist Press. But at the same time he permitted this daily flood to continue, and to turn its venom upon him and the Khedive.

Abbas the Second had taken a long time to settle down. He had to be snubbed by

Lord Cromer several times; more than once his humiliation was public. Even as late as 1907, 'The Times' said of him that he had "always exhibited an imprudent restiveness," and that there was no reason to believe "that any addition to his authority would be exercised otherwise than to the detriment of Egypt." This was, perhaps, a little severe. The Khedive is not a man of much character or ability, save in the management of his estates, and in promoting the interests of agriculture,—a very useful work. He was also at this time supposed to be encouraging the Nationalists. But he has done nothing since in that direction, in spite of the difficulty of his position, which must always be taken into account when his attitude is judged.

Consequently the Nationalists have continued at intervals to slight him, even when, as in the spring of 1910, they were praising Sir Eldon Gorst. They fancied the British Agent was favourable to their demand for an extension of the Assembly's powers. The Suez

Canal affair made them think so. But they had another shock when his report came out, denouncing them as the instigators of the murder of Boutros Pasha. In this he was certainly correct. The Nationalist newspapers had been allowed more and more licence to vilify and slander British rule. Their violence had been scarcely checked. They defended the murderer of Sir Curzon Wyllie. They openly advocated the removal of those who stood in the way of their schemes. The natural result followed. A young man, with a typically Nationalist brain, unbalanced, easily inflamed, decided to pass from words to an act. He had more resolution than the typical Nationalist, more courage. He was also of a dramatic turn of mind, and fancied himself as a patriot-martyr of the Harmodius and Aristogeiton brand. He killed an old man who had done more for Egypt than any other statesman of his time. Sir Eldon Gorst may exclaim with pained surprise that the Nationalist leaders and newspapers were re-

sponsible for the death of Boutros Pasha Ghali. But who was responsible for allowing them to advocate murder, to egg on poor wretches of the Wardani type to silly, fruitless crimes? Who but Sir Eldon Gorst himself?

Nor was his action after the murder calculated to undo the harm. The Prime Minister was shot on Sunday, February 20, 1910. Wardani was arrested on the spot. But then there followed a very ill-judged, and to those who understood the seriousness of the situation, an exasperating, delay in bringing the murderer to trial. No steps were taken to hurry on the proceedings. Even at the outset the police acted in a very leisurely way. They made no search for incriminating documents until enough time had elapsed for all such papers to be destroyed. The Copts, and many others besides, recalled the swift fate which befell the unfortunate villagers of Denshawai when a British officer was killed there. Within three days the four men had been

hanged, and a number of others beaten or lodged for long terms in jail. This summary and exemplary treatment of persons concerned in the death of a British officer was not unnaturally contrasted with a slow dragging on of the process of bringing Wardani to justice.

A strong man would have proclaimed martial law after the murder. He would have hung the wretched criminal without delay, and would have struck terror into the Nationalists' souls—not a very difficult matter. It is perhaps hardly fair to blame Sir Eldon Gorst for not taking this course. He is essentially an official. Men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles. But there was reason to blame him for allowing the case to come before one Greek and two native judges, who showed themselves afraid to deal with it, and who finally shifted their responsibility on to a commission of doctors appointed to decide whether Boutros Pasha died from the bullet wounds inflicted by his cowardly assailant or

from shock caused by the operation which was performed in the hope of saving his life!

Such a course seems almost too farcical for belief. It is a fair specimen of Egyptian justice when Britain holds her hand and lets the Oriental spirit take its course. The Nationalist papers had been excusing the crime, and suggesting various methods of securing Wardani's acquittal ever since the morrow of his arrest. They hinted with unmistakable emphasis that there would be an outburst of popular resentment if he were hanged. It was natural for the native judges to be intimidated. But what can we think of a British Agent who, whether from fear of consequences or from official apathy, failed to rise to such an occasion, and to show the party of sedition that there was a firm hand at the helm in Egypt, and still a spirit which could not be cowed by covert threats?

The trial of Wardani dragged on until May 13. The medical quibble having been defeated, the plea of "political motive" was

raised. The manner in which the defence was conducted may be judged from the close of the speech made by Wardani's leading counsel before the verdict was delivered. He ceased to address the court, but spoke directly to the accused. After apologising to him for abasing him to the level of ordinary criminals as he had been compelled to do in the interest of his defence, he went on:—

If your great soul refuses to live enchained, if you do not wish to live in the bagnio with brigands and evildoers (for that is all the pity a merciful judge can give you), arise, go to your death with a brave heart and a firm step. For death will come to you to-morrow, if not to-day, and will not be denied. Go, my child, go to your God, who holds the scales of sublime equity untrammelled by the necessities of time or circumstance. Go; our hearts go with you, our eyes will weep for you for ever. Go; your death sentence, pronounced by human justice, may prove more than your life, a great lesson to your people and your country. Go;

if man has no pity for you, Divine mercy is fathomless. Farewell, my child. Farewell, farewell!

The judges, one Greek and two native, made no attempt to stop their court being turned into a political arena. But they did pluck up courage to pronounce sentence, which was then referred, as a matter of form, to the Grand Mufti, the ecclesiastical head of the Moslem community. In such circumstances an evasive reply is almost always given by this functionary. But the reasons which he gave for remitting the death penalty in this case were very curious, if nothing more. His answer was as follows:—

> In Mussulman law he is considered as an assassin who shall have caused the death of a fellow-creature by striking him with a crushing or cutting weapon, and this without motive on the part of the victim. For the assassin to be considered as such he must be of mature age,

> and in full possession of all his mental faculties. It is also necessary that death should be the actual result of the blows given, and that there should not exist any other considerations of a nature to cast any doubt on the direct cause of death. It is further necessary that the complaint should be brought before the judge by one of those who claims for the blood of the victim.

In other words, Mussulman law did not consider Wardani an assassin for these reasons:—

He killed the Premier with a revolver, which is neither a crushing nor a cutting weapon.

He may have had provocation.

It was not certain that death resulted from the actual blows given.

The complaint was not brought by a relation of the murdered man, but by the state.

Mahomed Ferid, the Nationalist leader, wrote to the Paris 'Eclair' a letter in which he

stated the grounds of the Mufti's dissent from the sentence, and by implication approved them. It was not true, however, as at first reported, that the Mufti included among his points of protest the fact that Boutros was a Christian. One London newspaper (not a halfpenny one!) went as far as to print an absurd despatch from a "special correspondent" which based an alarmist harangue upon this rumour. The truth about Egypt is difficult, indeed, to sift out from between those who defend all official actions and those who burst into excited eloquence without any knowledge of the matter in hand.

It only remains to add that Wardani was hanged, after the dismissal of an appeal, on June 28, and that the inflammatory Press kept quiet in fear of a new Press Law, which had been passed, in spite of protests, a little time before. Numbers of students and schoolboys wore mourning for the murderer, but there were no disturbances. Only a short while earlier Sir Eldon Gorst had been hooted

at the railway station, an unpleasant symptom of the "drop in British stock." After Mr Roosevelt had given his "Egyptian University" address, denouncing the murder and remarking that it took generations to train a nation for the duties of self-government, there was a noisy gathering of young men in Cairo who marched past Shepheard's Hotel where he was staying and raised angry cries of protest. But the new Press Law and the fate of Wardani had produced their effect. Cairo was perfectly quiet after the Nationalist "hero" had been justly punished.

To this acceptance of the inevitable Sir Edward Grey's declarations in the House of Commons on July 13 had also contributed. A discussion arose on Mr Roosevelt's speech at the Guildhall, in which, while praising heartily British rule in East Africa, Uganda, and the Soudan, he spoke of the condition of Egypt as "a grave menace to your Empire and to civilisation." "You have erred," said the ex-President of the United States, "in the

effort to do too much for the Egyptians, and it is for you to make good your error. . . . Weakness, timidity, sentimentality may cause more harm than violence and injustice. . . . If you do not wish to establish and keep order in Egypt, get out of Egypt."

No other man in the world could have made such a speech and won the thanks of the British race. No other man would have dared to speak with such true friendliness. Yet, as Mr Balfour declared in Parliament, he said nothing but what was sensible, nothing which the most sensitive Briton need resent. The authority of the dominant race in Egypt, continued Mr Balfour, had been undermined; the situation called for prompt and decisive action.

Sir Edward Grey's speech fortunately supplied the needful remedy. He admitted the gravity of the case. He warned the Egyptians that so long as the agitation continued they would get no more self-government, and that our authority would

be asserted with more show of force. Once more, as in 1906, Sir Edward Grey had allowed the situation to become serious by his weak tolerance of the Sentimental Anarchist view that every country ought to be allowed to misgovern itself; once more he had been compelled to put an end, by straight speaking, to vague aspirations, which his weakness had encouraged, — two dangers, born of Liberal vagueness, that had to be pointed out forcibly to him before he lifted up his voice.

CHAPTER XVII.

SIR ELDON GORST.

I WANTED to drive to the British Agency one morning soon after my arrival in Cairo, and had some little difficulty in directing the tarbushed cabman. At last he understood. "Aiwa," he said, "Lord-a-Cromer," and he drove me at once to the big palace down by the Nile, with the green, shady garden and the exquisite view over the wide, shining stream.

That cabman is by no means the only person who murmurs "Lord-a-Cromer." Almost every one does so—with an accent of regret. It is a commonplace of observation in Egypt that no one, save the Nationalists, has a good word to say for Sir Eldon Gorst. I do not set myself up as a critic of the British Agent. My

criticism would have no value. I merely state the impression left upon visitors to Egypt who take the trouble to discover what is being thought and said. This impression is that British prestige and influence have declined deplorably during the last two years.

The official view at home is that Sir Eldon Gorst has been as successful as any man who followed Lord Cromer could expect to be. He has "kept things quiet." He is on excellent terms with the Khedive, and is said to have much influence over him, though I must add that the Khedive's following speak of his Highness as having much influence over Sir Eldon Gorst! The British Agency has continued Lord Cromer's policy in many directions. The great work of irrigation goes on steadily. By Mr Douglas Dunlop and his excellent staff education is being pushed forward. The General Assembly is happy because it has been allowed to reject the Suez Canal scheme. The Nationalists are pleased at the choice of a Prime Minister in sympathy

with their aims. That is one side of the picture. On the other we have such incidents as the Nationalist demonstration close to the Savoy Hotel, in the centre of European Cairo, where a Union Jack was openly defiled and trampled under foot. The comment of a Cairo Frenchman upon this incident is worth recording. "Voilà, on a craché sur votre drapeau et vous restez planté-là, mon Dieu!" (Here they are spitting on your flag, yet you do nothing!)

A little later Sir Eldon was hooted at the Cairo railway station by a body of excitable students, and no notice was taken. How far are such incidents Sir Eldon Gorst's fault?

Almost every one in Egypt puts upon him the whole blame. British officials are sore and angry because they say they are now obliged to kow-tow to native officials placed on an equality with them or over their heads. Egyptians who are quite ready to be loyal to us so long as it pays are perplexed and uneasy. Financiers are scenting trouble and

withholding their money. There is a belief rapidly gaining ground that the English will shortly go. "It would be far better than the present state of things if you did go," a very able and wealthy member of the Syrian community said to me one day. He has always supported British rule, and he longs for a return to the old firm, progressive policy. "But if you can't rule firmly," he said, "you had better leave us to ourselves. We should sink back into the old 'slough of despond'—corruption and incompetence and sloth. But we should, at any rate, know where we were."

It was, no doubt, this feeling which made the Copts omit to pass a vote of thanks to Sir Eldon after Boutros Pasha's funeral, when they formally expressed gratitude to other high officials who had attended it. They declare that the responsibility for the crime rests upon the British Agent, who has allowed the violent Nationalists more and more licence to speak and write abusively and threateningly

of British rule and all who are in favour of it. Sir Eldon Gorst's wavering course is attributed by some to instructions of a sentimental Radical character from Home. It certainly seems difficult to reconcile otherwise the confidence placed in the General Assembly over the Suez Canal project with Sir Eldon's statement in his 1909 Report to the Foreign Office that the record of that body had not been "of a nature to encourage the hopes of those who looked forward to its gradually exercising more responsible functions." Nothing has occurred to alter this view, yet the Assembly has been permitted to exercise a vastly more responsible function than any it ever exercised before, and a scheme is much talked of for a permanent increase in its powers. But whatever pusillanimous instructions the Foreign Office may have sent him, Sir Eldon's loss of personal prestige can be no one's fault but his own.

This has come about in many ways—chiefly, I imagine, because Sir Eldon is one of those

very clever people who have rather a contempt for doing things upon formal, ordinary lines. Much has been made of his meeting the Khedive's mother on her return from the pilgrimage to Mecca in a cap and motor coat. Taken by itself, this would have little significance. But the quick Oriental observation has found in numerous incidents, each quite small in itself, shrewd reason for contrasting the British Agent unfavourably with his predecessor.

An Egyptian favourable to British tutelage (because he has large financial interests) gave me an amusing account of the difference between Lord Cromer's and Sir Eldon's visits to the Khedive. "Lord Cromer," he said, "used to send word, 'I shall come at a certain hour.' At that hour all the secretaries and officials got behind their desks and bent their heads over their work, appearing to be very busy. The Khedive would be ready to the minute, rather nervous, hoping that all would be well and the visit soon over. Not until it was over

did the palace breathe freely again. Now what a difference! Sir Eldon Gorst sends to inquire what time the Khedive will be pleased to receive him. He enters, and finds the officials lounging about, talking and laughing. He talks and laughs with them. Then, after being kept waiting a while, he goes into the Khedive, who assumes an air of condescension. When he leaves, the palace rubs its hands and chuckles, gleefully contrasting the present with the past."

This is a humorous, exaggerated way of stating the case, but it is based on reality. The effect of the change upon Egyptians hostile to us is to make them chuckle too. They like to see Sir Eldon Gorst stand bareheaded before the Khedive. Lord Cromer, they recollect, was always asked to keep his hat on, and he always did. In everything Lord Cromer hedged himself about with that kind of dignity and aloofness which appeal to the Oriental mind. Sir Eldon, it would seem, sets little store by such means. At a race meeting

he was walking with a jockey who had ridden one of his horses. On an English racecourse no one would have taken any notice. But the East is different. An Egyptian said to me: "Lord Cromer would never have done that. He was seldom seen at races, let alone making friends with jockeys."

A prejudice, no doubt; from our point of view absurd—just as absurd as the native sneers at him for driving his own motor-car. But prejudices must be taken into account. Another remark of a character equally ludicrous from our English standpoint was made to me at the Heliopolis aviation meeting by another native. "Look," he said disdainfully, "he is talking to quite second-class people." I felt inclined to laugh. But the East does divide people up into first and second class. It is not considered the right thing for a man in Sir Eldon Gorst's position to be openly familiar with any but the top layer.

An explanation of Sir Eldon Gorst's favour

to the Nationalists is offered by some who say that his idea must have been to give the Egyptians rope enough to hang themselves with. It may be this is correct. It may be that he let the extremists go farther and farther, let the Assembly gabble and the newspapers rage, just by way of letting the world see how vain a dream this of Egyptian independence is. Possibly his orders from home prevented him from taking a more straightforward course. But in that case if he knew such a course to be needed he would surely have resigned. There is little doubt that he would have been supported by the nation. He could have forced the Liberal Government's hand. Far better that than the dangerous plan of letting the Egyptians play with fire and get burnt. The mother who follows such a method with her child is liable to come home and find the house in a blaze.

Yet the more this explanation is pondered, the more likely does it appear that Sir Eldon was simply carrying out instructions. To serve

a Government while disapproving of it seems to run in the Gorst family. Sir John—Sir Eldon's father—has been a good friend to many good causes, but no one who recollects his "Manipur-ing" can feel that his sense of responsibility was ever very strong. As a subordinate Minister under Lord Salisbury, he made a positive practice of "giving the show away." The same cynical, irresponsible humour appears in his son. Sir Eldon is exceedingly clever, but he is considered in Egypt to lack the broad ability which is needed in such a position as he occupies. His enjoyment of paradox is indulged at the expense of his reputation as a genuine statesman. It was related to me with indignation in Cairo that when the representative of a French house having large interests in Egypt called upon him after the murder of the late Egyptian Prime Minister, to inquire whether the British Government did not mean to adopt a stiffer attitude towards the Nationalists, the British Agent, lighting a cigarette, said casually: "Nous

attendons une autre assassination" ("We are waiting for some one else to be killed"). The state of things in Egypt requires treatment widely different from ironical humour.

In Cairo this was taken to mean that Sir Eldon could not induce the Government at home to be more energetic until another political murder had aroused them to the need for stern measures. This was exactly the kind of tone Sir John Gorst used to take when he was in office. It is hard to believe that any representative of the Empire could make himself the instrument of measures which he knew to be likely to cause serious trouble. Yet that is what Sir Eldon Gorst appears to have been doing when his proceedings are compared with his reports.

The consequences were deplorable. The masses in Egypt, though they would be quite content to enjoy quietly their increased prosperity if they were left alone, are sensitive to agitation, especially if it has a religious basis. They are also, like other Eastern

peoples, peculiarly quick to notice any slackening of authority. They worship the God of Things as they are. Any well-established rule can count upon their allegiance. "He who marries my mother is my father," says a native proverb. Egypt's British stepfathers have only to show parental firmness and the country will go quietly ahead. It was the lack of that firmness which caused the masses to be more than a little disturbed. They heard rumours that British influence was coming to an end. They saw "every kindness, concession, and attention lavished on the party who are clamouring for the evacuation of Egypt" (to quote, not an English, but a French newspaper in Cairo). Naturally the effect of this was to drive the waverers who wanted to be on the winning side into the Nationalist ranks.

Further, the cry of Islam in danger was dishonestly raised, and the latent fanaticism of the Moslem called into activity. Unless there had been a change of attitude towards

the agitators there would have been bloodshed. "The situation is working up," a very distinguished man, who knows Egypt thoroughly, said to me in February 1910—he is a friend of Sir Eldon's, too,—"the situation is working up to what it was before Arabi's rebellion broke out."

Happily there has been a change of policy at home, and the old conditions are unlikely to be repeated. But the risk was too serious to be run. A British administrator ought to be a man of strong and high character, who would far rather give up all hope of future advancement than stand for a policy of which in his heart he disapproves.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SOME ERRORS WE HAVE MADE.

"Les Anglais sont justes, mais ils ne sont pas bons."—*Remark of an Indian reported by Count Goblet d'Alviella.*

The Rugby boy's verdict on Dr Temple—"a beast, but a just beast"—is frequently echoed when the English character is summed up by those over whom Englishmen rule. It is unfair, as all who know the ruling Englishman will testify, to deny him goodness of heart. His defect is a defect of manner, not of character. Yet he lays himself open to the reproach very often of thoughtlessness. He would not deliberately hurt any man's feelings, whether the man were white, black, brown, or yellow. But he does hurt them by not taking into account the

susceptibilities, the "honorifics" of people who are different from himself. As a rule, he is shy too, and keenly self-conscious, so that, even when he is trying to please, his effort frequently falls short from sheer ineptitude.

With people in a primitive condition, such as the Sudanese, we get on well. The Egyptian peasant had no complaint against us until the Nationalist agitation began. Our trouble is with the half-educated, the partly Europeanised natives of India and Egypt, who imitate our dress and customs, and who think that they can change the deep-worn grooves of age-long mental habit by scratching on pieces of paper with a pen.

Lord Cromer in his last report said he thought that sympathy between English and Egyptians was diminishing, and he put this down to the tendency of officials to get out of touch with the natives. The younger among them were not, he suggested, careful enough to avoid treading on Egyptian tender

toes. Oriental processes of mind are so utterly different from our own, that it is often hard to make allowances for conduct which seems to us unpardonable, or for behaviour which causes us disgust. This is an error certainly, but it is inherent in the unlikeness between East and West. Sometimes, however, an intolerant spirit is carried to unfortunate lengths, and has deplorable results.

A recent example of this was the circulation of a seditious pamphlet by an Egyptian officer, who was indignant at having been turned out of a dance at a famous hotel near Cairo. The proprietor's attention was called to him by some British officers, and he was requested to leave. Shortly afterwards (one cannot greatly wonder at it) he wrote and sent to every member of the General Assembly a violent diatribe against the English, and a warning to the Khedive. "If the present state of things be not changed," he wrote, "and changed at once, nobody need be surprised at seeing repeated in Egypt the events which

took place at Yildiz Kiosk during the Turkish Revolution." For this open threat of dethronement against his prince the officer was sent to prison.

"We are constantly being made to feel that we are an inferior race," complained Mustapha Pasha Kamel in 1906. The answer to this may be, "Well, you are an inferior race." The idea that all races are equal is already antiquated, although it only began to be held a little while before the French Revolution broke out. But to make people feel their inferiority is both offensive and unwise. It is also a pity not to fall in as far as possible with Eastern forms of speech, even though they may seem ridiculously formal. "Come here" sounds all right in English, but upon Egyptian ears, accustomed to "Honour me as far as here," it strikes barbarously impolite. The Egyptians do many of them regard us as barbarians, because we use terse direct language instead of the smooth insincere punctilio of Arabic.

In addition, many more consider us nuisances because we regard as necessaries so many things which they think they can do perfectly well without. They cannot see why towns should be drained, or prisoners proved guilty by evidence before they can be punished. They do not like fixed taxes. Municipal charges for street paving and lighting seem to them to be fantastic waste. This applies not so much to the half-educated as to the entirely ignorant but by no means foolish *fellah*. On the whole, we have hastened slowly enough, but in some directions there has been a desire to insist upon a European standard which goes far beyond what the native mind can patiently contemplate.

In these matters soldiers are, as a rule, less thoughtful than civilians. The worst error we have ever made in Egypt—the Denshawai affair—was, in the first instance, due mainly to the officers who went out shooting village pigeons, and when they were surrounded by a threatening crowd of

villagers, lost their heads and behaved in a manner which did little credit either to their uniform or to their common-sense. It was in 1906. The officers were with their regiments on the march from Cairo to Alexandria. Some notables asked them if they would like to shoot, but they did not get leave from the *omdeh* (mayor) of Denshawai. Thus they disobeyed an order issued by Lord Cromer to begin with.

The pigeons, which fly in such numbers around Egyptian villages, nesting in the holes in walls made for that purpose, are not kept to be eaten or as individual property. They are communal belongings, and their value lies in their droppings, which are used to fertilise the land. It was suggested there had been some trouble the year before when British officers on the march shot round about Denshawai, but this was not made clear. The attack may have been premeditated, but the evidence did not prove it so. The whole unhappy business was really due to mis-

understandings and lack of coolness on both sides.

The peasants were threshing corn. They believe there is danger, when guns are fired, of the corn being set on fire. Just after the officers had begun to shoot, a threshing-floor actually did burst into flames. Instantly a rush was made for the shooting party. One of them let his gun go off and a woman was wounded. This naturally exasperated the peasants still more. As no officer had sufficient authority or sufficient knowledge of Arabic to quiet them (it might have been done by wise words firmly spoken), the countrymen set upon the party and treated them very badly. At last the senior officer ordered one of the others to run back to camp for help. He did so, and died, according to the medical evidence, of heat apoplexy, caused by exertion in the hot sun. For his "murder" four men were hanged, and for the assaults on the other officers, six more peasants were flogged and sentenced to penal servitude.

It was a ghastly series of blunders from beginning to end, and it would not have ended as it did if Lord Cromer had been in Egypt. Unfortunately he had started for Home earlier than usual that year. The worst feature of the affair was that it gave the detractors of our rule in Egypt a useful jumping-off ground for years afterwards. These detractors include a few people at Home, some of them members of the House of Commons, and one of our errors has been to allow such men to avow openly their sympathy with the demand for Egyptian independence. Of course no sensible person attaches any importance to speeches made, for example, by Mr Keir Hardie. He is an idealist who really believes that the world could be governed upon the lines of the Sermon on the Mount. It is foolish to report his remarks, since there are people simple enough to think there may be something in them in addition to hot air.

Similarly Mr Kettle, M.P., Mr Barnes, M.P.,

and Mr Hazelton, M.P., might for years discuss Egypt or any other subject of which they know nothing, and the effect upon the public mind would be imperceptible. But Young Egypt does not know this. Young Egypt is misled into believing that their sympathy at a Geneva Conference means the speedy realisation of its hopes. They ought to have been put on trial for high treason. They are dangerous. Britain estimates them pretty shrewdly, but the enemies of Britain, to whom they offer encouragement, do not. Any member of Parliament who incites Orientals to rebel against the authority of Parliament, should be dealt with as a rebel himself. Not to recognise the need for this is to make a deplorable mistake.

Closely bound up with this error is that of making the Egyptian service less attractive to Englishmen, and putting natives over the heads of those who have borne the burden and heat of the day. Many of the latter have left the service since the adoption of the new policy,

put into practice by Sir Eldon Gorst, but initiated by the Liberal Government with the approval of Lord Cromer. Shortly after Sir Eldon took office a confidential note was issued to high officials, containing a list of posts which were to be gradually transferred from Englishmen to Egyptians. Seldom does one hear a British official speak contentedly of the present conditions of service. Very often they have serious ground for complaint. Promoted natives are almost always insolent and overbearing. The proverb about "a beggar on horseback" came originally from the East. Men who have gone out under certain conditions are never sure that they will not find these conditions suddenly altered. For example, an order was issued a year or two back that in several schools lectures should be given in Arabic. No doubt an excellent regulation, but it is very hard upon men from Oxford and Cambridge to be given a short time in which to learn Arabic thoroughly; failing which, "others would be found to replace them."

This shortsighted policy is directly due to the backboneless truckling of Liberal politicians to the sentimental Anarchists who declaim the right of every country to misgovern itself as it will. From the same cause springs the tenderness we have shown towards the Arabic newspapers, and the attempt Sir Eldon Gorst has made to let the Khedive's Ministers rule while he kept in the background. Mahomed Pasha Said, who succeeded Boutros Pasha as Prime Minister, needed close looking after. He is an avowed Nationalist. He told me frankly that he looks forward to the time when the British will leave Egypt to herself, although he advocates no violent measures. He showed his sympathies plainly when, after the suppression of *Alam* (Standard), which had became the chief Nationalist organ in March 1910, he allowed the same editor to preach the same doctrines and spread the same libels in another print (*El Shaab*) exactly the same character!

Not a word did this Prime Minister of our

choice say in detestation of the crime which removed his predecessor. He made not even any formal reference to it. 'The Times' rightly called his silence "disgraceful." Nor did he in any way express his approval of the rejecting of the Suez Canal scheme. "How did it come about," asked the 'Egpytian Gazette' with significant emphasis, "that the entire Nationalist Press were convinced that the Prime Minister and his colleagues were delighted at the conduct of the General Assembly in throwing out the Convention?" Can it be wondered at, when men of this type are given real power, that British rule falls into dispute among Europeans in Egypt, and that the Egyptians, seeing our grip relax, believe the Occupation to be coming to an end?

Of the errors we have made in our dealings with Egypt, those of the people at Home are far greater than those of the men on the spot. The work done by the latter far outweighs defects such as are and must be incidental to all vast enterprises. The page on which our

tidying-up of Egypt is recorded, is one of the most splendid pages in the history of the British or of any other Race. The difficulties have been enormous. We have never had a free hand. Obstacles have continually littered our path. Only by dogged patience, by steady grind, by stolid capability, by unswerving integrity, have the men, great and small, of whom the Empire is proud, done their famous work. If they had been permitted, they would have done even more. In the Sudan, where we have a free hand, and are hampered only by want of funds, the change from chaos to order has been even quicker and more complete. In the next few chapters we will glance at the Sudan and see what miracles British enterprise and energy have wrought there.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SUDAN TRAIN DE LUXE.

"There is no blinking the truth that these people have not only an unequalled training for governing, which begins as far back as the Sixth Form of their public schools, but they have an instinct for it."
—Pryce Collier, *England and the English.*

Khartum and Omdurman! There is a thrill for every one of British blood in the very sound of the words. With their vivid memories of Gordon, and the blood-stained rule of the Khalifa, and the final delivery of the Sudan almost eleven years ago by Kitchener's irresistible war-machine, they are immensely interesting. I never watched anything with greater pleasure than the effect they had on Mr Roosevelt when he came out of the jungle in March 1910 and spent three days, which he declared he could never forget, in

Khartum. But even the quick sympathies of the ex-President of the United States could not respond to those associations quite as do the sympathies of one who is British-born. No one who is not one of us can feel quite as we do about Khartum and Omdurman.

On the other hand, Mr Roosevelt, looking upon what has been done for the Sudan in ten years, had an advantage over us. If prophets have little honour in their own country, it is equally true that administrators often get less credit for their work among their own countrymen than among observers of other races. How many people at Home know of the marvellous progress the Sudan has made since it was freed from the barbarous tyranny of a sham fanatic and "tidied up" by Englishmen? How many of the rich and leisured English who go every winter to Cairo, to Luxor, or to Assuan, have sufficient interest in the work their countrymen are doing to go on further and see for themselves the

great tidying-up which has been accomplished, and the great bases which are being laid for the future of the Sudan?

English Winter Butterflies in Egypt ought to be ashamed to go Home without taking the trip across the desert and through the country that only yesterday, as it seems, was crouching and quivering under Dervish terrorism, but where to-day there is protection and justice and progressive prosperity under the British and Egyptian flags. Even for the enjoyment of the journey itself it is worth doing, apart from the obligation which every Briton ought to feel—to see as much as his opportunities permit of the Empire and the methods by which it is kept together and the work it does. From Assuan to Halfa is only three days by tourist steamer (the mail-boats do it in thirty-eight hours), and the Nile scenery through Nubia is far finer and more varied than below Assuan. The Dam has raised the river level for over a hundred miles. For a long way above Philæ the water

laps against rocky cliffs, and one seems to be steaming across a widespreading lake.

The most splendid ruins of Nubia's ancient Temples stand quite near the river. Most impressive of all is Abu Simbel, a vast sanctuary hewn out of the solid rock, and guarded by colossal figures which have greeted the sunrise with their enigmatic smiles morning after morning for thirty-five centuries past. The Nubian sunsets are exquisite. The after-glow of gold lasts until darkness falls, and then across the water lie the silvery rays of a moon bright beyond belief to dwellers under gloomier skies. The banks are sometimes green with prosperous cultivation, sometimes desolate and bare. The men are mostly away in Lower Egypt, employed as servants. Their families drag out a dusty existence, dependent for their supplies on the trading feluccas which swoop up and down the quiet reaches like graceful giant birds. It must once have been a fertile land, judging by the temples and the struggles for its possession, but now

most of its inhabitants are content to sow their crops in the mud the river leaves as it goes down after the flood.

Halfa presents itself as a line of white, blue, and pink buildings, shaded on the high bank by rustling lebbakh trees. Over to the right is a tangle of masts and rigging, where the feluccas are discharging tins of Standard oil and loading with sacks of grain. Behind are two or three streets of shops, and then the burning desert, across which comes a camel caravan snorting at the white train in the trim little railway station. An up-to-date train, with sleeping and dining cars, with electric fans whirling coolness in every compartment, and darkened glass windows to keep off the glare. There are outside shutters, too, to darken the carriages, and inside shutters as well for protection against the dust. But this afternoon there is no dust. Straight on to the desert we go, leaving the line of green which marks the river on our right, and soon seeing nothing

but a shimmering, sandy plain, stretching away to far-off ranges of low violet hills. One could almost imagine there the Surrey heights covered with the gracious forms of trees. But that is, of course, an illusion like the mirages which stretch their false vistas on either side. There one seems to see a cool shallow expanse of water, there a palm-fringed oasis. Sometimes the image of a city with domes and minarets and green hanging-gardens and frowning citadel is cast upon the sand. The only sights to take our attention away from the mirages are the empty beer-bottles, pathetic emblems of civilisation, which lie on each side of the track almost at regular intervals for hundreds of miles.

Now and again the low hills close in upon us, then retreat again, leaving nothing but sand ahead, nothing but sand astern, nothing but sand on either side except a dark little rim to the world far away on the horizon. One has the feeling of being on a high

plateau. It seems as if one must come to something, as if there must be different prospects over the edge. But there is nothing to come to except the little huts of stations where the unfortunate soldiers who look after the line have their dreary quarters. At Number Four and Number Six there are wells,—the wells Kitchener dug for the men who made the line. Here we take water, getting out to stretch our legs, and looking at the pathetic little gardens made in the sand.

Now the sun sets, and a delicious coolness fans our parched bodies. The desert becomes a delicate rose-colour, until suddenly it is night, and the lighted train is reflected on its dark surface. The desolation grows intenser. No cheerful twinkling windows greet the evening, telling of homes and pleasant meals and rest after the labours of the day. Yet there is a fascination even about this phase of the journey. Leaning out, one sees a perfect dark semicircle of absolutely straight horizon. We seem to be rumbling along in the centre of a

great round platter of blackness. It is like a dream.

Tossing wakefully on my hard upper berth (the only blot upon this excellent train), I wake to the stars. Here is the Southern Cross, shining faintly enough but still discernible as a group unfamiliar to our northern eyes. But I am gladder still to see the dawn. We have got back to the river now. There are green fields and palms and villages, where naked black children cry unintelligible things at us, and their almost naked elders tend flocks of lean goats. At eight o'clock we run into Atbara, and here a motley crowd in dressing-gowns, pyjamas, overcoats, anything or nothing almost, leap from the train and scurry across to the baths erected here for the refreshment of passengers—a brilliant idea, which I commend to the notice of the Canadian Pacific and all other long-distance lines. Fresh and cheery, although a dust-storm like a London fog is blotting out the landscape and even the close-at-hand build-

ings, we get back into the dining-car to consume eggs-and-bacon and marmalade! All day now we have scrub on either hand, sweet-scented mimosa for the most part. "This country," says an American on the train, "is all right." Hundreds of miles of rich land, only wanting water and work to make it yield plentiful harvests. But the people are few and far between, and they do not care for work. They are beginning to care for tea, though, and they fancy themselves in clothes a little more elaborate than they have been used to hitherto. They are finding out, too, the pleasure of hoarding. They will work in time. They are a different type from the Egyptians—blacker, flatter noses, thicker lips. At the stations they do not ask for baksheesh. They just draw their scanty wrappings about them and stare. Some day their country, the Sudan, equal in size to the whole of Central Europe, will be one of the greatest countries in the world. Even now it can boast of the only 575 miles

of railroad which passes through no tunnels and over only one bridge.

Late in the afternoon we are on a flat, grey plain, with distant hills swimming in the heat. Those hills mark the battlefield of Omdurman. Then we see rows of mud houses; ahead are minarets and palms; the railway lines multiply; we pass under a fine brick arch. Eleven years ago Kitchener came with horse, foot, and artillery. It is because he did his work so well that we are now running peacefully and comfortably into Khartum Station dead on time.

CHAPTER XX.

THE GARDEN CITY OF AFRICA.

"Take up the white man's burden—
Send forth the best ye breed—
To bind your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need;
To wait in heavy harness
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught sullen peoples
Half-devil and half-child."
—Rudyard Kipling.

The visitor's first impression of the capital of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan cannot fail to be a very pleasant one. He sees from the river, as he steams up, a long bank of shady trees, green and grateful in the heat of the March sun, with here and there brilliant blossoms gleaming, crimson, yellow, and mauve. Behind the trees can be caught glimpses of cool verandahed houses, lying back in their gardens. About the

middle glistens the palace of the Governor-General, with the flags of Britain and Egypt floating from its roof. Out of the ruins of Gordon's house this imposing emblem of British dominion has sprung. It is not beautiful, but it stands there, clean and solid and four-square, fit emblem of the work Britain has done and is doing in the Sudan—tidying up and cleaning and straightening out.

Some day Khartum will be the garden city of Africa. It has been laid out with that view. Just now the immensely wide streets are bordered only by small trees which make the hot, dusty expanses of roadway seem dustier and hotter by mocking the wayfarer, as if a thirsty man should have a thimbleful of water offered to him. But growth is rapid here. Before many years are past these saplings will spread their leafage wide, and everywhere one will walk beneath a cool canopy of whispering leaves.

At present nobody walks. The first morning I was here I made a great mistake. I went

out for a stroll round to get an idea of the town. Frankly I thought it was a detestable place. "There is about enough here," I said, "to make a decent-sized village, and they have spread over an area big enough for the site of a city." It was very hot. It was also windy. Dust lay thick all over except in the very middle of the road. I saw no white people about. I came back to the hotel sticky and tired and in a bad temper.

But after a cool drink in a long chair on the balcony looking over the river and over the great stretch of desert bounded by fascinating far-off hills, I reflected and began to understand. In this dry atmosphere thirst becomes a habit, and it is necessary to drink often of lime juice or lemonade or very light beer. As I cooled off I became more reasonable. I noticed the gathering of donkeys and of rickshaws drawn by small ponies near the gate of the hotel on the river's edge. Everybody who went out took one or the other. After that morning I did likewise, and I made no further complaints.

There is one walk, and a very pleasant one, left-handed along the river towards the point where the Blue and the White Niles meet, keeping each its distinctive colour for many miles down, and whence the steam-ferry plies to Omdurman on the farther bank. But no one would dream of walking even here under the palm-trees until the sun has dropped low. Rides in the early morning freshness over the desert sand, and lawn-tennis as soon as the shadows begin to lengthen—that is how we take our exercise in Khartum.

The distances would really be difficult, even if the roads were not so dusty and hot. You are told that some place you want to go to is "at the end of the street." This means at least a mile, and sometimes nearly two. Yet the buildings are scattered only here and there. There is but one good European shop. There are bits of pavement in places, but for the most part roadway and sidewalk have not yet been separated. Consequently one has the sense of wandering about a suburb which is still in the

builders' hands, and only just beginning to be occupied. Well, for "suburb" read "city," and that is perfectly true of Khartum. It has been planned with an eye to the future.

"Some day," they said to themselves, these far-sighted Englishmen and Scotsmen and Irishmen, not forgetting Welshmen—"some day this vast country will, instead of being mostly desert, be covered with wheat-fields and cotton-fields. Work and water will turn the barren sand into one of the great producing countries of the world. In that day Khartum will no longer be the head place of a province which is still looked upon as the Cinderella of the British Empire and treated accordingly.

"It will be the capital of a rich and powerful Dominion. Whether it will be fitted to play this important part in the world-drama, and set an example to other capitals, depends upon us," said these Britons, filled with a great hope and pride; and they mapped out the place accordingly.

Even in the native town away back from

the river there is order and design. Passing through the vast open space of Abbas Square, which will in time rank as one of the finest in the world, you come to the markets—rows and rows of straw huts with a man or a woman squatting in each, ready to chaffer interminably for the eggs or tomatoes or the chickens or the green stuff spread on the ground outside. As you wander through, look along every street of low mud houses and you will see it stretching away dead straight to where the town ends on the desert. For a complete contrast go over to Omdurman. Eleven years ago this was still the Dervish capital, the residence of the False Prophet, who made his power felt over nearly half Africa. It was a slave-trading centre, a vast prison, where every man felt himself a captive, and knew that a turn of Fortune's wheel might at any time number him among the victims who were hanged on high gallows in the market-place every Friday to strike the Khalifa's terror home to every heart. It was also a vast harem, where women, raided from

many tribes, were herded together to give the fanatical Baggara a foretaste of their bestial Paradise.

Eleven years ago it was death or captivity, almost worse than death, to any white man found in the Khalifa's sphere of murder, robbery, and rape. To-day you step into a steam tramway-car in Khartum, which takes you to a steam-ferry; and from that again you board another car and are set down in the heart of this once-terrible Omdurman. Even in what is still a completely native rabbit-warren of a city, there are signs of the tidying-up process on every side. "Police Post" you see written up at frequent intervals. "Government School," "C.M.S. Dispensary," the placard of an English fire insurance office on a storehouse, the tall, spindle-shanked, but eminently soldierly Sudanese sentries at the barracks, the numbered armlets which the donkey-boys must wear,—all tell the same story, not of civilisation, but of straightening out. Whether

in its crowded, narrow, awning-hung bazaars, where you greedily seek a little shade from the burning sun, or down by the river, where the export trade in gum and grain is busy, Omdurman seems to be still heaving a sigh of relief. The people are cheerful, but there is a shade of apprehension in their faces yet. And here, far more than in Khartum, with its English gardens and English faces, you realise Why.

There are some who think our work may one day be done in Egypt and the Egyptians capable of walking alone in the way of honest, firm government without favour or fear. But in the Sudan, whatever may happen in Egypt, Britain has taken up the white man's burden for good. It makes one very proud of one's nationality to see what has been done already in the lightning-flash of ten short years.

Nowhere in the world has England been better served by her sons than here in the Sudan. From the Sirdar, Sir Reginald Wingate, downwards, all who have had a hand

in the great work have "made good." They are a splendid set of men these soldierly Britons. We have heard much about "our stupid officers." There are more in Khartum. They have taken on all kinds of employments, and the fruits of their labour are evident on every side. But there is one man among them, one to whom Khartum and the Sudan owe a heavy debt of gratitude, who is not a son of England by birth, though he is by adoption and by choice. I mean, of course, the man of whom every one in Khartum speaks as "Slatin" (Slăteen), the Austrian prisoner of the Mahdi, the man who, after an Arabian Nights' career with enough adventure in it to make him the modern d'Artagnan, has settled down at last as Inspector-General of the Sudan.

It was at a lawn-tennis party that I first met the man who is so closely associated in our minds with Omdurman and Khartum. The tennis party, I must explain, is the fourth of the five stages into which Khar-

tum's day is divided. First stage starts between five and six o'clock A.M., and consists of a ride out into the desert. The next stage, beginning after bath and breakfast, is, for the men, work in their offices or barracks, and, for the women, household duties. There is no shopping for them to do. That must be left to the servants (all natives except the personal "maids"). But everything that native servants do must be overlooked. They are as well paid as servants at home. A good cook will get £5 a-month, for example. But they cannot be trusted to keep a house in order as English servants can.

Not many officials do much after two o'clock. From that hour until four English houses are wrapped in slumberous silence. Those who are not asleep are reading or writing. Then, at about four, the place suddenly springs to life again. Up to now the hot, wide, dusty streets and the shady river-front have been left to the natives. From four onwards there are plenty of white faces and smart frocks and hats to

be seen; plenty of men in flannels, with tennis rackets, driving in neat little carts or riding donkeys, or even walking after the sun has gone down and the cool breeze from across the river brings back one's energy with a refreshing rush.

Final and fifth stage is dinner—dinner under the brilliant stars which cover the deep blue southern sky, at a table lit by discreetly shaded lamps. There is a frank geniality around Khartum dinner-tables which leaves a wonderfully pleasant impression on the mind. Nowhere could strangers experience greater kindness, a more charming readiness to make friends. It may be because we are in a Mahommedan country, where hospitality is a sacred duty enjoined by the Koran. It may be because Khartum is favoured with particularly attractive people as residents. Whatever the reason, they are, as I can gratefully bear witness, in a delightful conspiracy to give their visitors a good time. It is an odd experience to go out to dinner on a donkey,

but it is even more unusual to receive such warm welcomes from people one has known for only a few days, and to find in a far country such interesting, excellent talk.

After this long digression I return to the tennis party, where I first met Sir Rudolph Baron von Slatin Pasha, Inspector-General of the Sudan. I had looked forward immensely to making the acquaintance of this man with the tragic life-history, who was so long the prisoner of the Mahdi and the Khalifa in that unspeakable hive of furious fanaticism, Omdurman. I had pictured a man prematurely old, with white hair and deep-sunken eyes, haunted by dreadful memories, bowed down with the weight of suffering and pain. Never did any one fall into a greater mistake. There came into the garden an embodiment of light-hearted gaiety and kindly fun. At once he began chaffing everybody with Viennese playfulness and wit. Immediately one felt the charm of his personality—the charm which made Gordon give him, a young Austrian

subaltern, the governorship of a province: the charm which won even the distrustful Khalifa's heart and greatly mitigated his conditions of captivity: the charm which makes the faces of all who have known him in Khartum light up, whenever his name is mentioned, into a smile of pleasant and grateful recollection.

Slight in figure, with a youthful step (after all, he is only fifty-two), he is the life and soul of Khartum's social life. Yet by his reflective eye and firmly moulded chin you can tell at once that this is only one side of his character. I sat one morning in his room at the War Office and watched him deal with a long succession of natives, drawn from all classes, who came, some singly, some in deputations, to lay their grievances before the Inspector-General. "You seem to be the foster-father of the whole Sudan," I said to him. "Or the maid-of-all-work," he said, with a shrug and a humorous twinkle. He knows the country so well, he speaks Arabic so perfectly, his name has been so long familiar

from Berber to the Bahr-el-Ghazal, that naturally they like to put their cases to him.

Patiently he listens, as, in khaki uniform, he sits at his big table covered with official papers. Now and then he asks a pertinent question, often causing his visitors to look at one another, amazed at his acuteness. Then, after hearing all they have to say (which sends them away pleased and cheerful, whatever the result of their visit), he tersely gives his decision. Usually urbane and courteous, he can be stern upon occasion. In one case he suspected treachery. He rapped the table. He poured out a crisp torrent of severe warning. The wretched Arab he addressed went out quivering. It was pretty, on the other hand, to see how the applicants personally known to him seized and kissed his hand, how their eyes affectionately rested on his face as he talked quietly and cordially, offering them good advice. One was a son of the Mahdi, who was being given back his father's lands to cultivate. "We must help these poor fellows,"

said Slatin, as he is universally called. "If not, we should be as bad as the Dervishes ourselves." And there is no doubt this policy has an excellent effect. It is not in the character of a native to seek to overthrow a Government upon which his daily bread depends.

In his charming, airy house, with its wide, cool verandah, in the midst of a deliciously green shady garden where the trim lawns and exquisitely scented tropical blossoms make a most attractive blend of English and equatorial beauty—here Slatin entertains delightfully, with a winning grace of manner which puts the shyest at their ease. In the verandah afterwards he will sit and talk, entirely without "side," about his years in Omdurman or about the remaking of Khartum. This latter has been his hobby. The town owes a heavy debt to him. Read of it as it was, a heap of festering ruins, and then study its bold plan, its orderly arrangements, its beautiful gardens, its sanitary excellence

(mosquitoes practically exterminated), its fine modern hospital, where the natives have at their disposal, under the able direction of Dr Christopherson, the latest developments of science—there is a memorial of which the re-founders of Khartum may well be proud.

CHAPTER XXI.

SOME LESSONS FROM THE SUDAN.

"Some day the Sudan will be one of the greatest countries in the world."—*General opinion in Khartum.*

I HAVE often wondered what the Roman Governors of Gaul, or Britain, or Germania would have said, if it had been prophesied to them that the naked savages they contemptuously governed would some day develop into the richest and most powerful nations in the world. I expect they would have locked the prophet up as a madman. They lacked the historical sense, which is, after all, quite a modern growth of the intellect.

We, on the other hand, are continually looking forward as well as back, imagining the future as well as reconstituting the past.

There is nothing startling to us in the thought that the Sudan may very likely become as great a country as France or Germany or Britain, and its people—who now run almost naked and can live on a few handfuls of grain a-day—a race skilled in all civilising arts.

This, however, is but the prospect of a far-off time. To attempt to hurry on the development would lead to all the evils which, in nations as well as individuals, attend untimely growth. Britain has, it is true, done a very great deal to "tidy up" the Sudan. The blight of Mahdism littered it with ruins and decimated its population. It stained the country once more with a cruel slave-traffic. By setting up the tyranny of a religious inquisition, it both increased the bigotry of fanatics and made the mass of the people insincere. The change wrought in the eleven years which have passed since the liberation of the country is, superficially, marvellous. The population, which had been pitifully reduced and checked by Mahdism, is rapidly increasing. In 1909 it

amounted to nearly two millions and a half. Before the Dervish interlude of horror there were 1,500,000 in Berber Province alone, 500,000 in the Gezira, 1,100,000 in Sennar. At the reconquest these provinces numbered 400,000, 150,000, and 150,000. In one district known to have included 800 villages not a single one could be found. It has been estimated that between seven and eight millions of men, women, and children died, either in warfare or of starvation, during fifteen years. "I stopped at village after village in the Sudan," said Mr Roosevelt in his speech at the Guildhall (May 31, 1910), "and in many of them I was struck by the fact that while there were plenty of children they were all under twelve years of age. . . . In the days of Mahdism it was the literal truth that in a very large proportion of the communities every child was either killed or died of starvation and hardship." It will be long before the Sudan gets back to its old population mark, but it is well on the way.

Along with the checking of the ravages

caused by rapine and hunger, measures of development and progress have been pushed forward in many directions. Order and justice have been introduced. The fine new Law Courts at Khartum, where native *cadis* in their splendid robes mete out fair dealing alongside of judges from England, are freely used by the natives and thoroughly respected. So are the local courts in provincial centres. Posts and telegraphs keep up communication throughout the vast extent of Sudanese territory, in spite of the attacks upon telegraph poles of hippopotami, elephants, eagles, white ants, and frogs! Railways are being pushed forward. Under the capable direction of Captain Midwinter the net profit upon the railway system has risen from £52,000 in 1905 to £72,000 in 1909. The Nile bears on its placid bosom a regular steamboat service into the very heart of Africa. Port Sudan, equipped with wonderfully perfect quays and appliances, has been established on the Red Sea.

Yet one must not be deceived by appearances. It is but the face of the country which has been altered. Its soul remains just what it was before. We are, happily, not making the mistake of trying to induce the Sudanese to run before they can walk. We recognise that they are, as a race, still in the stage of childhood, and as children they are ruled.

Happily, they are very pleasant and in many ways very intelligent children. They are a finer people than the Egyptians, quicker-witted, brighter-eyed, with greater curiosity, and a knack of picking up mechanical aptitudes. Both the Arabs and the black folk stand straight and look one in the face as man to man. They are people one instinctively respects: the word "backsheesh" is scarcely ever heard in the Sudan. Every man among them seems to have a natural gift of speech. To see the poorest arguing, with magnificent gestures, their cases before the Courts (professional advocates are scarcely ever employed), or to hear them laying some grievance before

an official in a torrent of words—and then to think of the tongue-tied, hang-dog misery of an English poor suitor—is to begin wondering what "civilisation" really means. They are a merry folk, too, fond of laughter and music and the dance. A *dalooka* of a native regiment, such as I saw one night near Omdurman, reveals their susceptibility to rhythm and combined movement in its most picturesque light. Each tribe has its special dance-place and its own particular evolutions. Torches stuck in the ground make flickering splotches of brilliant yellow upon the darkness. Round and round shuffle the men, keeping time to the thumping of drums, while the women twist their supple bodies and utter their flute-like cry "lu-lu-lu-lu-lu-lu-lu," with which they both encourage their men to gallantry in battle and joyfully greet them when they return.

They are religious, of course, but not, in their ordinary state, fanatical. They have implicit belief in charms and amulets. Scraps of paper with sentences from the Koran scrawled upon

them take the place of patent medicines, and I have no doubt they are quite as efficacious! They are afraid of "jinns" and "afreets," and with touching faith they stick little flags upon the tombs of local saints to keep the demons off. Their mode of living is simplicity itself. They dwell mostly in mud houses, which keep cool under the hottest suns, and, except among the wealthy, their household belongings seldom exceed a rough angareeb bedstead (ropework stretched on a wooden frame) and a few pans. They can live on twopence a-day without feeling any hardship, and although they are beginning to enjoy a few luxuries, such as tea and railway travelling and gramophone music, they can do without them quite well. "I do not suppose," wrote Sir Eldon Gorst in a recent report on a visit paid to the Sudan, "that there is any part of the world in which the mass of the population have fewer unsatisfied wants." This, coupled with their disinclination for hard work, is one of the chief reasons why there is so little cultivation in the Sudan.

Work and water—these are the two necessaries of the country at present. Water can only be got with money, and money can only be got by work. The revenue is swelling gradually. In 1905 it was £665,000. In 1909 it had risen to £1,040,000, and the deficit dropped to £208,000. But it is impossible to increase the proceeds of taxation much further until there is a considerable raising of crops more profitable than dhurra, the staple food of man and beast in the Sudan, a kind of maize. Efforts are made in all kinds of ways to induce the people to reap more paying harvests. Agricultural Shows, for example, are found to be useful in this direction, though it takes a vast deal of patience to organise and carry them through.

First, there is the difficulty of persuading the natives to enter their produce for exhibition. Then there is the task of getting them to bring it on the right day. To discover whether they have really grown their exhibits themselves, or bought them in the market, is the next

problem. And then, when the prizes are distributed, it is a maddening job to find the prize-winners and induce them to take their rewards. "Mohammed Ahmed," reads out the secretary, "first prize for tomatoes," let us say. Instantly there is a hue-and-cry for Mohammed Ahmed, who cannot be found. Soon, however, the situation is complicated by the appearance of about twenty Mohammed Ahmeds (it is a very common name). To decide between them seems impossible. Yet somehow the impossible is achieved. Even then there are often difficulties still. One man at Ed Damer, for instance, refused to take a prize of thirty shillings for a bull he had shown. "It isn't enough," he kept on saying. "The Government isn't treating me fairly." He thought the Government was buying his bull and only paying him thirty shillings for it. It took hours to get into his mind the idea and object of an agricultural show.

Another obstacle in the way of getting the native to work harder on the soil is the high

price of labour in other directions. An unskilled labourer can earn from 18s. 6d. to 27s. a-month. Seeing that his expenses are only two or three shillings a-month, he can live all the year on less than half a year's wages. Servants are paid quite highly in the Sudan—simply because there is next to no competition. There is even talk of importing Chinese and Portuguese, just to show the native Berberines they are not indispensable. A country where living is so easy can only become rich by the creation of desires which apply a spur to energy. The Sudanese will work hard when occasion demands it. But this seldom happens now that slavery exists no longer. No wonder there are heard voices suggesting that "some form of pressure" is required. The form of pressure, however, will probably have to be that of a more complicated existence and of artificial needs.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE FUTURE OF THE SUDAN.

"Irrigation dominates the whole problem of the future of the Sudan."—Sir WILLIAM GARSTON in 1907.

Now as to this predicted greatness of the Sudan—upon what is the prophecy based? As you travel across the desert from Halfa to the point where the railway rejoins the Nile at Abu Hamed, you wonder how it can be hoped ever to alter this trackless waste of sand. Even when you run along with palm-groves and green crops on the Nile side of the railway, you have always to the eastward the desert still.

Well, this is a "tough proposition," as an American fellow-traveller of mine put it. Yet even here there may some day—centuries

hence perhaps—be fertility and population and wealth. As the ages unroll themselves, climates change. The results of irrigation, more crops, more trees, are already affecting the weather in Egypt, making it more cloudy, inducing more rain. Well, as the southern Sudan develops, the same thing may happen here. For it is the south and east which will first begin to put the Sudan among the great producing countries of the world. Far to the south there is rainfall sufficient for the cultivation. There are forests and savannahs, and swamps which will be drained and turned into rich land. Nearer Khartum there is the Gezira (*i.e.*, The Island) district between the Blue and the White Niles. This has been described by Mr Dupuis, the head of Egyptian Irrigation, as "the chief hope of the Sudan." When all these southern lands are calling down rain, the north will get a chance. There only needs moisture to make the desert yield its increase too.

But this is looking very far ahead. It will

not become "practical politics" till many generations have watched and wondered at the gradual growth of the Sudan. For the present, it is the Gezira which is the centre of effort. "Only by the construction of a canal here," wrote Sir William Garstin in 1907, "will it be possible for the Sudan to largely increase its revenue and be in a position to quickly repay its debt to Egypt." Sir William Garstin may split his infinitives (all great men do), but in this matter of irrigation, he knows. To the same effect reported Mr Dupuis not long ago. "It is hard to see how, without the execution of some such work the country is ever to become self-supporting." Cultivation by means of *sakias*, clumsy water-wheels turned by oxen, is not increasing. The abolition of domestic slavery, all at a blow, is partly responsible for this. The farmer either cannot afford to employ labour to replace his serfs, or, if he can afford it, he cannot find people willing to be employed. The Sudanee does not like work at at all, and the Arab, though he and his family

will toil incessantly for themselves upon their own plot of land, does not like working for wages. Water must be brought to the farms, therefore, by a system of irrigation.

Here the eternal want of pence comes in. A barrage across the Blue Nile at Sennar, some 200 miles above Khartum, would cost at least three millions. The revenue of the Sudan has only just reached one million a-year. It cannot even meet the ordinary everyday expenses of government. Egypt, as I have mentioned, has to make up the deficit by an annual contribution of some £200,000 odd. Side by side with the Egyptian flag in the Sudan flies the Union Jack. Yet Great Britain gives no help. The dam will have to be built, and since many cultivators are ready to pay for irrigation to the extent of one-third of their crops, there can be no question about the future value of it. Even by means of pumps thousands of acres in Berber Province, which were waste land a few years ago, are being made to produce good wheat and cotton.

When the raising of the Assuan Dam is completed in 1912, the summer allowance to the Sudan—sufficient to irrigate 10,000 acres—will be doubled, and the cotton-growing possibilities will look up. Already the Sudan sends cotton to market which is equal in quality to the finest Delta-grown crops. Beyond question the Gezira with irrigation would be one of the richest regions upon earth. Three million acres, now useless, could be brought under cultivation eventually, and half that number might be made fruitful within ten to fifteen years. For the moment, however, this three million pounds project must wait.

Before irrigation the land needs railways, to carry off the produce when it comes. These are being pushed on as fast as the purse permits. Already the train takes one to Wad Medani, 120 miles south of Khartum. Then there are two matters of importance to be decided ere the money problem need be faced. One is the question, What can be most profitably grown in the Gezira? Many say cotton.

Certainly the Sudan can produce cotton of an exceptionally fine quality. It is long-shanked, and fetches a high price. In the Red Sea Province the value of the Tokar crop for this year is estimated at £200,000. It is difficult to induce the natives to grow it until they are persuaded that it will bring them in a greater gain, and even then they are often content with the smaller return of *dhurra*, which is much easier to raise. Yet there is no doubt that the Sudan will in time, as population steadily increases and life becomes less simple, compete successfully with America and India in the cotton markets of the world. Whether cotton will be the most suitable crop for the Gezira, however, is not so certain. Sir William Garstin thinks wheat would do better. What is needed is a government experimental farm on a large scale, where the capabilities of the soil could be thoroughly tested. Just now effort in every direction is hampered by want of funds. As soon as the financial tension relaxes, this experiment will probably be made.

The other matter that must be settled before the damming of the Blue Nile can be undertaken is the attitude of Egypt towards it. Naturally she would look with extreme disfavour upon any scheme which might deprive her of any of the water upon which she depends, not merely for her prosperity, but for her daily bread. Further, she is only step-mother to the Sudan, and but a joint step-mother at that. Her own children are inclined to be jealous of her adopted family. Still Egypt would gladly be free of the obligation to help out the Sudan Treasury every year, and would welcome repayment of the money she has lent to it for various works. Show her that her own water-supply will not be diminished, and she would raise no permanent objection to the Sennar scheme. On this point Sir William Garstin has declared that there is sufficient water in the Blue Nile to permit irrigation of half a million acres in the Gezira during the winter months without any real detriment to Egypt, though in a year

of poor flood the filling of the Assuan Reservoir might take longer.

That is a valuable opinion. Still it only relates to half a million acres instead of three million, the area which the framers of the scheme have in mind. But now we come to another project which the Sudan has in hand. This is the dredging of the "sudd" reaches on the White Nile. At present the channel is so encumbered by "sudd," a water-weed which is disastrously prolific, that much water spreads over the country instead of carrying down stream. For a long distance there are marshes in which a great deal of the flow of the river is lost. The Sudan Government have determined to alter this. They have begun dredging operations intended to cut the "sudd" out of the main channel, and let the water take its natural course. This, it is estimated by the Sudan Irrigation Department, will in the course of years, perhaps twenty, nearly double the flow of the White Nile. At all events, it will

considerably increase it within a much shorter time than twenty years; and then the Sudan will be in a stronger position to negotiate for taking water from the Blue Nile. "We have been the means," it can say to Egypt, "of sending you down more water. You have more than is sufficient for your needs. Now we propose to take some." Then the Sudan will begin to justify the prophecy that some day it will be a great country, fertile, "civilised," and rich.

CHAPTER XXIII.

EDUCATING THE SUDANEE.

"A pledge that the memory of Gordon is still alive among us and that his aspirations are at length to be realised."—LORD KITCHENER in the Gordon College, Khartum.

It was curiously characteristic both of the strength and the weakness of our present-day ideals, that the first thing Lord Kitchener thought of when he had won back the Sudan from the blighting influence of Mahdism, was to educate the Sudanee.

It was a noble impulse. Mr Kipling celebrated it worthily in a fine piece of verse. Only a mind of rare distinction could have conceived such an idea. Only a nature capable of high emotion would have coupled with the conception of a College in Khartum the setting-up of a memorial to General Gordon,

as a pledge that he was still remembered, and that "his aspirations are at length to be realised."

Beyond doubt this age will be laughed at by posterity for its pathetic belief in "education" as a panacea. We regard it in just the manner that the street-corner quack wishes the gaping crowd to regard his patent medicine—as a remedy for every human ill. We pin our faith to "education" as a means of ensuring "progress," both terms being equally vague, and, in most minds, meaningless. If a certain amount of education does not give such good results as were hoped for, we prescribe larger doses. To point out facts which tend to discredit the popular view that this is the one thing needful, would be waste of labour. It is a fetish of the time. Only by the flow of years will it be swept off its pedestal, then to be calmly examined and put in its proper place.

When that day comes, it is possible that a smile may play round the corners of

Posterity's lips at the recollection of Lord Kitchener's sacrifice to the Fetish on the morrow of his victory at Omdurman. But it will only be for a moment. In the scheme of the Gordon College a new note was sounded. There was no bowing of the knee to the Baal of Popular Fallacy. The notion of the half-baked that a general smattering of "knowledge," a thin coat of "culture," slapped on with a sloppy brush, can be counted on to work miracles, was sternly refused admission. Posterity will recognise this, and may perhaps even be able to point to "Kitchener's School" as a pioneer along the path of a new and wiser education than any which prevailed in its day.

A month's stay at Khartum in the spring of 1910 left me with a host of pleasant memories. I like to think of the orderliness of the whole place. There is nothing suggestive of "ramrod rule," as there might be in a country which is mainly under military government. There is no bustle or

flurry, in spite of the rapidity with which the tidying-up process has been, and still is being, pushed ahead. A quiet air of business-like determination broods over the city. The spirit of the British race has been at work on every hand, making things shipshape and regular and smooth.

I like to think of the native regiments, bodies of splendid black men, looking very trim in the khaki uniforms. I can see them marching with springy vigour and enjoyment. I can hear their bands clashing out barbaric tunes with stirring effect. No wonder they are a source of pride to their officers,—a fine and charming set of soldier-men, who are full of keenness for their work, and who at the same time are establishing traditions of delightful hospitality.

The efficiency of Posts and Telegraphs, the competence of the railway department, the energy of the Office of Public Works, the enthusiasm for their districts and their people of the men (both civilians and soldiers) who

are sent far away from their fellows to administer distant regions only just reclaimed from savagery,—all these come back to me, and send a thrill of pride and admiration down my spinal cord. But I am not sure that, among all my memories, that of the Gordon College does not stand out as the most striking and the most suggestive, as the one which is the most heavily laden with the promise of future years.

I recollect so vividly the brilliant February morning on which I paid my first visit to it, riding from the hotel at the farther end of the place along the whole length of the shady fragrant river-front, past the officials' houses in their big beautiful gardens, past the pink palace glowing in the sunshine, threading a way through throngs of white-robed Arabs and scantily-clad Sudanese, their black bodies shining and their white teeth gleaming in friendly smiles. Almost the last building, close to the great bridge across which the railway now runs into the city instead of

ending up on the other side of the stream, is the College, a solid impressive block, standing amid gardens and playing-fields.

In the big quadrangle at the back the students were drawn up. They had been drilling before starting the day's work. Half of them were in neat blue serge suits; these were the engineers, a very smart lot of boys between fifteen and twenty. The rest wore turbans and flowing robes. They looked older, but only, I think, because their beautiful dress gave them dignity and kept them more grave, with the restful impassivity of the East. These young sheikhs—sheikh is a term applied to any one of good social standing—were being trained to be teachers and *cadis* (*i.e.*, legal assistants in the native religious courts).

The problem the sheikhs present is more difficult to solve than that of the engineers. The latter are trained chiefly by technical means. The *cadi* and the teacher must of necessity go through a literary education.

Now in Egypt (as in India) the results of literary education have been, taking a broad view, unfortunate. Its effect is in most cases much the same as that of putting new wine into old bottles. The mind of an Oriental educated on European lines is in a ferment. He has left the solid ground on which he stood and plunged into a sea of fresh ideas where he can find no firm foothold. He is neither of the East nor of the West. He has abandoned the ideas implanted in his intellect by early teaching—ideas which have been evolved by centuries of thought, and which, therefore, are presumably suited to his environment. Yet he has not received in exchange any complete mental equipment; he has only picked up odds and ends. He has, in consequence, no settled habits of thought. His intellectual processes are disjointed and gassy. He is a slave to the catchword and the empty phrase.

Happily this disaster has been avoided in the Sudan. When the Gordon College was opened in November 1902, Lord Kitchener

was lucky enough to have had recommended to him as its first Principal a very able young Scot named James Currie. In the years which have elapsed Mr Currie has more than justified his appointment. He has been created Director of Education for the whole of the Sudan. He is a member of the Governor-General's Council. He has made a solid, lasting reputation by the excellence of his administration and the soundness of his views.

No man has less sympathy with the vague belief in the value of education *per se*. He realised from the beginning that teaching, to be useful, must be directed to some definite end. A prominent statesman, now deceased, once spoke of the Gordon College in the inflated language of public discourse (employed for the purpose of soothing by sound-waves rather than of setting mental machinery in motion) as "a great effort to break down the obstacles of race, to establish the bond of intellectual sympathy, and to further the

pursuit of human culture." That is the kind of soporific idealism with which public men continually "dope" the public mind. So far as I understand the Gordon College, it attempts to do none of these things, and I don't suppose this prominent statesman thought for a moment that it did. He had probably but a very hazy idea of its character. He was indulging in the practice common to Prime Ministers of "talking through his hat."

Mr Currie laid it down at the outset that education in the Sudan must have "a real vital connection with the economic needs of the country." This would be a good working basis for an educational system anywhere. It is especially important in the Sudan, where "one of the greatest problems of Government is to provide the people with daily bread." The objects aimed at are, therefore—

1. To create a native artisan class.
2. To diffuse among the mass of people enough education to enable them

to understand the elements of the machinery of Government, and to protect themselves against possible attempts at extortion by minor officials.

3. To create a small class of officials who can eventually undertake all the clerical work in Government offices. This at present is done by Egyptians, who have to be attracted by rather a high rate of pay.

Towards the attainment of these objects, the Gordon College is contributing most valuable help. Indeed, without it they could hardly be attained. Most interesting to the visitor is the activity of the well-equipped instructional workshops presented by Sir William Mather. Here the boys are taught to use hand and brain in unison, the finest training there can be for mind and character alike. From these workshops are turned out expert carpenters, blacksmiths, fitters, painters, turners, and foundrymen. They have no

difficulty in finding employment at good wages, and, so far as I could learn, their services are highly valued. Even at the College they turn their training to practical account. They supply it with electric light and water. They irrigate the grounds. When I was there, they were finishing a fine piece of metal-work to serve as a railing along the river-front.

To watch their intelligent dark young faces, as they bend over their tasks in the work-shops; to go through the spacious airy sleeping-rooms, where many of the boys make their first acquaintance with beds; to see a class sitting in rapt attention while the master explains some point by means of blackboard diagrams; to notice the pleasant manners and the public-school-boy bearing of the students in their dining-hall, or as they walk through the wide, high corridors open to the air: and then to recollect with a shock that twelve years ago the Sudan was the most backward and barbarous country in the world, is to

realise with vivid intensity what the British occupation has made possible and what the Gordon College has done.

The men who will direct the labour of the artisans, the Civil Engineers, have, naturally, to do book-work as well, but in no case at the College, or in any school in the Sudan, is there any direct interference with the students' general basic ideas. Indirectly, of course, these may, and no doubt in many cases they will, be affected. But this is an inseparable feature of any system of education. Once start the process of thinking and no one can tell where it will leave off.

As I pointed out just now, the difficulty of educating those who are to be teachers and judges is greater in proportion as their courses are literary rather than technical They run a risk of becoming "so Europeanised that they may fall permanently out of touch with their environment and duties." Against this, however, a determined stand is being made, and with success, so far as can be

seen at present. They are taught mainly in Arabic. Mr Currie has wisely set his face against any general instruction in English, though there is a small class in which boys can be trained as teachers of that language. In the primary schools no attempt is made to use any language but the vernacular, and the pupils have to wear their native dress. Of course there are people who will exclaim against this, and declare that it is our duty to bestow upon these poor heathen the inestimable benefits of our civilisation. I will only ask any such people who may be reading this to glance over these extracts from the syllabus of the moral instruction which is given in these primary schools :—

> Teachers should give simple instruction in right conduct, illustrating their lessons by stories and examples from practical life—*e.g.*, Obedience to parents and those in authority, evils of disobedience, respect to elders. Bravery, truthfulness, confusion caused by falsehood and lies. Cleanliness. Disease caused by dirt. Simple rules of sanitation, keeping one's person, clothes, house, and surroundings clean. Love of one's neighbour. Unselfishness. Gratitude.

Religion.—Necessity of Religion; not merely learning doctrines and rites, but also governing conduct. The moral teaching of the Koran applicable to the formation of child character—*e.g.*, the precepts that enjoin honesty, truthfulness, kindness (to animals and human beings), politeness, sympathy, willingness, patience, perseverance, thrift, cleanliness, purity, love of parents, filial obedience, love of country, &c., stories from the religious history of Islam illustrating these precepts.

Could any Christian system of teaching furnish forth a better scheme for the formation of character, or, at any rate, one so much better that it would be worth while substituting it and running all the risks which this would imply?

Clearly there is no reason why an education which accepts Islam as an established fact should not be thoroughly efficient and practical. Here, possibly, lies the seed of the regeneration of the Mahommedan world. It has sunk deeper and deeper into lethargy and obscurantism since the Moors were driven out of Europe. How heavy its intellectual stupor is we can see by the condition of Al-hazar, the great Moslem University in Cairo, where

it is still taught that the earth is a flat surface, and that the air is inhabited by countless millions of good and evil jinns! But the day of Moslem awakening may be at hand.

Never certainly in any school, college, or university have I breathed a more invigorating atmosphere of keen interest in all that is being thought and done throughout the world. The Research Laboratories, a generous gift from Mr Wellcome of tabloid fame, are quite admirably equipped, and really valuable work is done in them. Tropical diseases are tracked to their sources. Methods of fighting them are tested. The products of the Sudan are analysed and their full uses discovered.

Here almost any day may be found working in his shirt-sleeves, and filling the warm air with his magnificent Doric, Dr Andrew Balfour, another of the great men of the Sudan. It is he who has made Khartum mosquito-free and, therefore, malaria-proof.

No need there for curtains over one's bed, nor for extra doors and windows of wire gauze. The pestilential insect has been chased out. By oiling all the stagnant waters, and then inducing the Government to impose fines upon all who did not have their water-vessels constantly cleansed, Dr Balfour contributed enormously to making Khartum a pleasant, healthy town. Nor has he finished with it yet.

The geology and anthropology of the Sudan are being systematically studied also at the Gordon College. There is already a most interesting museum, where relics of the states of society now passing away are preserved for future enlightenment. Courses of lectures are given on the tribes and customs of the Sudan for the benefit of officials, who can thus gain some idea of primitive social structures and habits of thoughts before they go to districts where they will find them in operation. Nor are the antiquities of the Sudan forgotten, though the lack of pence which afflicts the administration all

round is keeping systematic work in this direction rather behindhand.

When I recall this fresh, stimulating atmosphere of the Gordon College—in all parts abundance of light and air—with the blue river flowing before it, and its cool green stretches of lawn and shrubbery behind—it seems to me to be itself an image of the work it has undertaken to do. "To let in fresh light and air from the outside world." That is how Mr Currie has defined the task of the Sudan Education Department. Teach the Sudanee to read and write and do easy sums, and he will be able, if he chooses, to free himself from those who prey upon his credulity and superstition. Make any repetition of the Mahdi's Holy War impossible by implanting in the native mind a healthy scepticism as to self-styled prophets being able to make their followers bullet-proof, to call squadrons to their assistance from the clouds, or to strike a barren rock and cause water to gush forth out of it.

At the same time, take care not to fill the Sudanee with windy conceptions of his own self-sufficiency. Avoid any teaching likely to affect him with a distaste for his hereditary pursuits. Help him to keep his end up and to become a more useful and effective member of the society into which he has been born. But do not give him the idea that his ambition should be to climb out of it. Above all, do not let him fall victim to the flabby-minded delusion that the same methods of government are good for all peoples at all times.

Here, again, there will be protests raised. Many will exclaim, echoing Lord Macaulay, that we ought to share all our ideas and our ideals with those over whom we have established British rule. But let us remember that Lord Macaulay was much more certain than we are of the final blessedness of those ideas and ideals. He could not conceive anything more perfect than a society governed in accordance with the principles

of Aristocratic Whiggism. The notion that the wisdom of the East could be even compared with the culture of Oxford and Cambridge never entered his ingenuous mind. We take a broader view — not, of course, because we are of superior attainments, but because the world has shrunk and its problems have come nearer to us. We have been forced to realise that the Last Word of human development has not yet been uttered.

We see that the only nations to make anything like a rational use of popular representative government are those which have slowly evolved their systems through many hundreds of years. To hand over a mode of government which more or less fits us to people whose antecedents have been, and whose character therefore is, entirely different from ours, would be as foolish as for a parent to feed a child systematically from his own plate. Roast beef and beer are excellent fare for grown-up people, whose stomachs have gradually been fitted to deal

with them. But they would make young children very sick indeed.

In that simple yet instructive allegory, read the true inwardness of the Gordon College at Khartum. If only we had followed these same lines in India and in Egypt, from what a world of trouble should we have been saved!

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FUTURE.

"Her Majesty's Government . . . feel bound not to withdraw from the task imposed upon them until the administration of affairs has been reconstructed on a basis which will afford satisfactory guarantees for the maintenance of peace, order, and prosperity in Egypt."
—Lord Granville, *Foreign Secretary, to Lord Dufferin, in* 1882.

Egypt has suffered, in common with most British enterprises, from the incapacity of British Governments. It seems as if Democracy is bound to lead to incompetence in governing, except when a man appears who has an aptitude for leadership coupled with a natural instinct towards order and progression. "Words, not deeds," might be the motto of the type of politician which Parliamentarism produces.

Compelled, against its will, to step vigor-

ously into Egyptians affairs, the Liberal Government of 1882 had but one anxiety, which was to step out again. "Desiring that British occupation should last for as short a time as possible," they would certainly, if they could, have left the country to some other Power (it could not be left to itself), and the noble chapter in the history of the British Race, which tells how Lord Cromer and his helpers made a new Egypt, would never have been written. Fortunately this was made impossible, but the nervous declarations then offered as to the shortness of our intervention have hampered us ever since. Neither Party has the courage to admit that circumstances alter cases. Lord Granville was an amiable old gentleman of very moderate attainments. It is absurd that we should pretend to continue to be bound by his views of the question, although even his declaration, quoted at the head of this chapter, supplies, at its face-value, justification enough for our remaining in Egypt

indefinitely. But he, of course, never contemplated anything but a brief occupation. His views were based upon an ingenuous anxiety to avoid trouble in Europe, not upon any desire to do the best for Egypt, or upon any general enthusiasm for "tidying up" wherever that process might be required.

It is this enthusiasm which has made Britain great. Sir John Seeley's much-quoted remark about the British Empire being acquired "in a fit of absence of mind" does not quite fit the case. If you feed, brush, and comb a neglected dog, and then find yourself saddled with the responsibility of looking after him for the rest of his days, you can hardly reproach yourself with absent-mindedness. Your fault (if fault there be) was lack of forethought, living for the moment, failure to think out the consequences of your impulse. These are eminently British characteristics. We "do the thing that's nearest" without considering whither our action may lead us. In Egypt

it has led us into exercising a *de facto* Protectorate over a country which acknowledges the suzerainty of another Power, and the right of all the rest of the Powers to interfere in its affairs. Lord Milner called it a "Veiled Protectorate," and Sir Eldon Gorst, in his appendix to 'England in England' (1904), said that "the veil had been removed." Yet he himself has since done a great deal, at the bidding of the Liberal Government, to replace it.

The difficulties of such a position are enormous. All the more credit to the men who overcame them! But there is no reason why we should prolong them, if they can be cleared out of the way. One of the greatest is the continued existence of the Capitulations, a set of privileges and immunities granted to foreigners in Egypt in the days when foreign merchants could not feel it safe to live and trade there under the ordinary law of the land. In Mr John H. Scott's valuable work on 'The Law affecting Foreigners in

Egypt'[1] the Capitulations are summarised thus:—

1. The right accorded to foreigners to enter, reside, and carry on commerce.
2. The right to practise their own religion and to dress as they please.
3. Inviolability of domicile.
4. Exemption from taxes other than customs dues.
5. The right to observe their own laws as to inheritance.
6. Immunity from local jurisdiction and local laws.

The last of these privileges is the most important: it means that special courts have to be maintained to try foreigners, and that no law passed in Egypt can apply to foreign subjects until fourteen Powers have given their consent to it! The delays and vexations which result from this can be imagined. A country developing rapidly is in constant need of new laws, and laws in Egypt might almost as well not be passed if

[1] William Green & Sons, Edinburgh, 1908.

the very large number of foreign residents in the country remain exempt from them. Yet every proposed law affecting foreign residents must be submitted to an International Commission. The very word "Commission" suggests leisurely procedure, interminable dreary discussions, results utterly out of proportion to the time consumed! Other serious disadvantages arise out of the Capitulations, such as the difficulty, caused by the "inviolable domicile" privilege, of preventing foreigners from carrying on such nefarious trades as smuggling, keeping gambling and disorderly houses, selling adulterated drink. But the obstacle in the way of legislation is by far the most damaging to the country.

Five years ago Lord Cromer said in his Annual Report that "some serious modifications" would be required "before long." Since then the necessity has increased each year. The reform of the Capitulations ought to be taken in hand forthwith.

Of course, if we had been able to declare a legal Protectorate over Egypt; if we governed it as we govern the Sudan; these difficulties would not exist. British justice and British laws would be good enough for all foreign residents. But regret is futile. We have to deal with the situation as it exists. How can the Powers be persuaded to give up the Capitulations? Only by the offer of guarantees that foreigners will be as well off under some other system. Certainly the Powers would not admit that native legislative, executive, and judicial institutions gave such guarantees. But they might and probably would accept the International Council which Lord Cromer suggested a few years ago, a council partly elected by foreign residents and partly nominated by the Government which should have all laws relating to foreigners laid before it. Obviously there will be some awkwardness in the existence of two consultative "Legislatures," the native and the European. But opinion in Egypt

favours the belief that, even so, the new plan would be a vast improvement upon the Capitulations. Patient labour succeeded in abolishing the complicated and cumbrous financial system set up by the Powers for the protection of the Egyptian bondholders,—a system which for many years hampered our efforts to improve the lot of the *fellahin.* To reform the Capitulations would be a lighter task. It ought to be undertaken without delay.

I have spoken of the *damnosa hereditas* left by the Liberal Government of 1880-85 in their declarations as to the transitory nature of our stay in Egypt. Another equally embarrassing legacy was handed on by their fatuous encouragement of the "Egyptian self-government" cry. The self-government which was demanded by the Arabists was nothing but self-interest. Egyptian officers wanted the good posts which went to Turkish officers. The landed proprietors, rich townspeople, and village sheikhs who composed the Chamber of Notables, wanted to push their own

advancement at the expense of the peasants, to whose welfare they were either indifferent or opposed. Without looking beneath the surface people at home said, "Self-government? Certainly. A very proper demand. We govern ourselves. Why shouldn't they?" Thus the troubles which I have outlined in earlier chapters were the direct outcome of misplaced British sympathy, arising from general ignorance of Oriental countries and from a complete misconception of this particular case.

Future ages will marvel at our credulity in this matter of Parliamentary institutions. They will wonder how we could put such faith in the panacea of self-government, just as we wonder how our ancestors can have believed in witchcraft and diabolism. Democracy the whole world has known before, generally to its undoing. But never in earlier times has democracy been elevated to the rank of a fetish, or been regarded as a religion of which it is impious to deny the divine origin and universal expedience.

It is this attitude of mind which makes the government of India and of Egypt alike difficult at the present juncture. The idea that self-government might *not* be good for certain peoples cannot find an entrance into the mass of British heads. Yet it might soon do so if some of our "leading men" would really lead, instead of keeping their ears to the ground to try and discover which is the largest crowd to follow.

What is wanted now, Egypt having once again begun to settle down more quietly, is a frank announcement that there is no likelihood of British voluntary evacuation for a very long time to come. France would raise no objection. Turkey shows no desire to resume the direction of Egyptian affairs. Other Powers would have no ground for protest. Such a statement would put the Egyptian question upon a different basis altogether. Young Egypt would understand that its hopes of securing the spoils of office are vain. Seeing that nothing but a revolution can turn the

British out, the great majority of those who lend countenance to Nationalist aspirations (chiefly for the sake of being on the winning side) would support the demand for Independence no longer. By all means let us introduce Egyptians into the service of the state so far as is compatible with good government. But we ought to make it clear beyond any doubt that we mean to keep the direction of affairs in our hands. Our in-and-out policy of alternately patting and punching Young Egypt, of encouraging the Nationalists until they become too noisy, and then suddenly discovering that "we must be firm," ought to be abandoned once and for all.

It is very unfair to Egypt not to make such a declaration. Prosperity is reviving. Capital is eager to develop the country. The New Spirit makes the people more ready to encourage enterprise than they have ever been before. Nothing save the absence of a sense of security hinders the opening of an era of progress and still greater enrichment. So long as we keep

up our "leaving shortly" attitude, that sense of security will never come.

Sentimentalism in Egypt, based on the childish pretence that all men are equal, and that all nations have the right to mismanage their own affairs, can only lead to anarchy. Firmness will quickly turn back waverers to the side of the established order, and convince the disturbers that they have nothing to gain. We shall have the undivided approval of Europeans in Egypt (and in Europe too) as soon as we grasp our nettle resolutely once more. Our flaccid, nerveless handling of it has resulted in our being stung. Germany is ready to seize it with her mailed fist if we let go our hold, and it is humiliating to acknowledge that there are many in Egypt who say, "The sooner the better." But our fit of weakness must end now. We have played long enough with fire in the foolish hope that it would not burn. The dangerous sparks must be trodden out. We cannot let the great mass of the people of Egypt, whom our rule

has made prosperous and secure in their possessions, be sacrificed to please a small section eager to assume responsibilities which they are not fitted, either by temperament or training, efficiently to discharge.

We need in Egypt to-day, and we shall need for many years to come, just as we needed it in the day of Lord Dufferin's report, the "masterful hand of a Resident." We must never again make the mistake we made in 1907 of appointing as "Resident" (which is what the "Agent" ought to amount to) a man who lacks the masterful hand, who is content to try and please politicians at Home instead of taking the line which he and his advisers know to be needful in the interests of the country and the Empire at large. No masterful man acquainted with the East is likely to talk yet awhile about "teaching the Egyptians to govern themselves," even at the bidding of a Foreign Secretary anxious to please the Sentimental Anarchists. No masterful man in

Egypt is likely to refuse assent to the following propositions :—

1. The people are not fit for self-government.
2. Their history being what it is, they are not likely to develop self-governing aptitudes for some centuries.
3. The agitation for self-government is kept up by quite a small class of half-Europeanised natives.
4. If Britain left the Egyptians to their own devices, they would speedily be taken in hand either by Germany or the Turks.
5. The way to keep the country prosperous and contented is to govern it firmly and justly, as we governed it from 1882 till 1908.

Discussing our position in India, an able Frenchman wrote not long ago : " The question is not whether Britain has a right to keep India, but, rather, has she the right to leave

it?"[1] That is the question in Egypt also. Have we a right to leave it to the Egyptians? The voices of all who have interests in Egypt, of all who understand its history, of all who have studied its people, unanimously answer "No."

[1] M. Paul Boeu: 'L'Inde et le Problème Indienne.'

THE END.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS.

Catalogue

of

Messrs Blackwood & Sons'

Publications

PERIODS OF EUROPEAN LITERATURE: A Complete and Continuous History of the Subject.

Edited by PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY. In 12 crown 8vo vols., each 5s. net.

I. THE DARK AGES. By Professor W. P. KER.
II. THE FLOURISHING OF ROMANCE AND THE RISE OF ALLEGORY. (12TH AND 13TH CENTURIES.) By GEORGE SAINTSBURY, M.A., Hon. LL.D., Aberdeen, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in Edinburgh University.
III. THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY. By F. J. SNELL.
IV. THE TRANSITION PERIOD. By Prof. G. GREGORY SMITH.
V. THE EARLIER RENAISSANCE. By THE EDITOR.
VI. THE LATER RENAISSANCE. By DAVID HANNAY.
VII. THE FIRST HALF OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. By Prof. H. J. C. GRIERSON.
VIII. THE AUGUSTAN AGES. By OLIVER ELTON.
IX. THE MID-EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By J. H. MILLAR.
X. THE ROMANTIC REVOLT. By Prof. C. E. VAUGHAN.
XI. THE ROMANTIC TRIUMPH. By T. S. OMOND.
XII. THE LATER NINETEENTH CENTURY. By THE EDITOR.

PHILOSOPHICAL CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS.

Edited by WILLIAM KNIGHT, LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of St Andrews. *Re-issue in Shilling Volumes net.*

DESCARTES, ... Prof. Mahaffy.
BUTLER . . . . Rev. W. L. Collins.
BERKELEY, . . Prof. Campbell Fraser.
FICHTE, ... Prof. Adamson.
KANT, ... Prof. Wallace.
HAMILTON, ... Prof. Veitch.
HEGEL, ... The Master of Balliol.
LEIBNIZ, . . . John Theodore Merz.
VICO, ... Prof. Flint.
HOBBES, . . . Prof. Croom Robertson.
HUME, ... Prof. Knight.
SPINOZA, ... Principal Caird.
BACON: Part I., ... Prof. Nichol.
BACON: Part II., ... Prof. Nichol.
LOCKE, ... Prof. Campbell Fraser.

FOREIGN CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS.

Edited by Mrs OLIPHANT. CHEAP RE-ISSUE. In limp cloth, fcap. 8vo, price 1s. each net.

DANTE, by the Editor. — VOLTAIRE, by General Sir E. B. Hamley, K.C.B. — PASCAL, by Principal Tulloch. — PETRARCH, by Henry Reeve, C.B.—GOETHE, by A. Hayward, Q.C.—MOLIÈRE, by the Editor and F. Tarver, M.A.—MONTAIGNE, by Rev. W. L. Collins.—RABELAIS, by Sir Walter Besant. — CALDERON, by E. J. Hasell.—SAINT SIMON, by C. W. Collins. CERVANTES, by the Editor. — CORNEILLE AND RACINE, by Henry M. Trollope. — MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ, by Miss Thackeray. — LA FONTAINE, AND OTHER FRENCH FABULISTS, by Rev. W. Lucas Collins, M.A. — SCHILLER, by James Sime, M.A. — TASSO, by E. J. Hasell. — ROUSSEAU, by Henry Grey Graham. — ALFRED DE MUSSET, by C. F. Oliphant.

ANCIENT CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS.

Edited by the REV. W. LUCAS COLLINS, M.A. CHEAP RE-ISSUE. In limp cloth, fcap. 8vo, price 1s. each net.

Contents of the Series.—HOMER: ILIAD, by the Editor.—HOMER: ODYSSEY, by the Editor.—HERODOTUS, by G. C. Swayne.—CÆSAR, by Anthony Trollope.—VIRGIL, by the Editor. — HORACE, by Sir Theodore Martin.—ÆSCHYLUS, by Bishop Copleston.—XENOPHON, by Sir Alex. Grant.—CICERO, by the Editor.—SOPHOCLES, by C. W. Collins.—PLINY, by Rev. A. Church and W. J. Brodribb.—EURIPIDES, by W. B. Donne.—JUVENAL, by E. Walford. — ARISTOPHANES, by the Editor.—HESIOD AND THEOGNIS, by J. Davies.—PLAUTUS AND TERENCE, by the Editor. — TACITUS, by W. B. Donne.—LUCIAN, by the Editor.—PLATO, by C. W. Collins. — GREEK ANTHOLOGY, by Lord Neaves.—LIVY, by the Editor.—OVID, by Rev. A. Church. — CATULLUS, TIBULLUS, AND PROPERTIUS, by J. Davies.—DEMOSTHENES, by W. J. Brodribb.—ARISTOTLE, by Sir Alex. Grant.—THUCYDIDES, by the Editor.—LUCRETIUS, by W. H. Mallock.—PINDAR, by Rev. F. D. Morice.

CATALOGUE

OF

MESSRS BLACKWOOD & SONS'

PUBLICATIONS.

ACTA SANCTORUM HIBERNIÆ; Ex Codice Salmanticensi. Nunc primum integre edita opera CAROLI DE SMEDT et JOSEPHI DE BACKER, e Soc. Jesu, Hagiographorum Bollandianorum; Auctore et Sumptus Largiente JOANNE PATRICIO MARCHIONE BOTHAE. In One handsome 4to Volume, bound in half roxburghe, £2, 2s.; in paper cover, 31s. 6d.

ADAMSON.

The Development of Modern Philosophy. With other Lectures and Essays. By ROBERT ADAMSON, LL.D., late Professor of Logic in the University of Glasgow. Edited by Professor W. R. SORLEY, University of Cambridge. In 2 vols. demy 8vo, 18s. net.

The Development of Modern Philosophy. Edited by Professor W. R. SORLEY, University of Cambridge. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

The Development of Greek Philosophy. Edited by Professor SORLEY and R. P. HARDIE, M.A. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

AIKMAN.

Manures and the Principles of Manuring. By C. M. AIKMAN, D.Sc., F.R.S.E., &c., formerly Professor of Chemistry, Glasgow Veterinary College, and Examiner in Chemistry, University of Glasgow, &c. Second Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s 6d.

Farmyard Manure: Its Nature, Composition, and Treatment. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

ALISON.

History of Europe. By Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart., D.C.L.

1. From the Commencement of the French Revolution to the Battle of Waterloo.
   LIBRARY EDITION, 14 vols., with Portraits. Demy 8vo, £10, 10s.
   ANOTHER EDITION, in 20 vols. crown 8vo, £6.
   PEOPLE'S EDITION, 13 vols. crown 8vo, £2, 11s.
2. Continuation to the Accession of Louis Napoleon.
   LIBRARY EDITION, 8 vols. 8vo, £6, 7s. 6d.
   PEOPLE'S EDITION, 8 vols. crown 8vo 34s.

Epitome of Alison's History of Europe. Thirtieth Thousand, 7s. 6d.

Atlas to Alison's History of Europe. By A. Keith Johnston.
LIBRARY EDITION, demy 4to, £3, 3s.
PEOPLE'S EDITION, 31s. 6d.

ALLEN. The Place of History in Education. By J. W. ALLEN Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

ANCIENT CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS. Edited by Rev. W. LUCAS COLLINS, M.A. Price 1s. each net. *For List of Vols. see p. 2.*

ARMYTAGE. Maids of Honour. By A. J. GREEN-ARMYTAGE. Crown 8vo, 5s.

ATKINSON. Local Government in Scotland. By MABEL ATKINSON, M.A. In 1 vol. demy 8vo, 5s. net.

BLACKWOOD.

Tales from Blackwood. Second Series. Complete in Twenty-four Shilling Parts. Handsomely bound in 12 vols., cloth, 30s. In leather back roxburghe style, 37s. 6d. Half calf, gilt, 52s. 6d. Half morocco, 55s.

Tales from Blackwood. Third Series. Complete in Twelve Shilling Parts. Handsomely bound in 6 vols., cloth, 15s.; and in 12 vols. cloth, 18s. The 6 vols. in roxburghe 21s. Half calf, 25s. Half morocco, 28s.

Travel, Adventure, and Sport. From 'Blackwood's Magazine. Uniform with 'Tales from Blackwood.' In Twelve Parts, each price 1s. Handsomely bound in 6 vols., cloth, 15s. And in half calf, 25s.

New Educational Series. *See separate Educational Catalogue.*

New Uniform Series of Novels (Copyright).
Crown 8vo, cloth. Price 3s. 6d. each. Now ready:—

Wenderholme. By P. G. Hamerton.
The Story of Margrédel. By D. Storrar Meldrum.
Miss Marjoribanks. By Mrs Oliphant.
The Perpetual Curate, and The Rector. By the Same.
Salem Chapel, and The Doctor's Family. By the Same.
A Sensitive Plant. By E. D. Gerard.
Lady Lee's Widowhood. By General Sir E. B. Hamley.
Katie Stewart, and other Stories. By Mrs Oliphant.
Valentine and his Brother. By the Same.
Sons and Daughters. By the Same.
Marmorne. By P. G. Hamerton.
Reata. By E. D. Gerard.
Beggar my Neighbour. By the Same.
The Waters of Hercules. By the Same.
Fair to See. By L. W. M. Lockhart.
Mine is Thine. By the Same.
Doubles and Quits. By the Same.
Altiora Peto. By Laurence Oliphant.
Piccadilly. By the Same. With Illustrations.
Lady Baby. By D. Gerard.
The Blacksmith of Voe. By Paul Cushing.
My Trivial Life and Misfortune. By A Plain Woman.
Poor Nellie. By the Same.

Standard Novels. Uniform in size and binding. Each complete in one Volume.

FLORIN SERIES, Illustrated Boards. Bound in Cloth, 2s. 6d.

Tom Cringle's Log. By Michael Scott.
The Cruise of the Midge. By the Same.
Cyril Thornton. By Captain Hamilton.
Annals of the Parish. By John Galt.
The Provost, &c. By the Same.
Sir Andrew Wylie. By the Same.
The Entail. By the Same.
Miss Molly. By Beatrice May Butt.
Reginald Dalton. By J. G. Lockhart.
Pen Owen. By Dean Hook.
Adam Blair. By J. G. Lockhart.
Lady Lee's Widowhood. By General Sir E. B. Hamley.
Salem Chapel. By Mrs Oliphant.
The Perpetual Curate. By the Same.
Miss Marjoribanks. By the Same.
John: A Love Story. By the Same.

SHILLING SERIES, Illustrated Cover. Bound in Cloth, 1s. 6d.

The Rector, and The Doctor's Family. By Mrs Oliphant.
The Life of Mansie Wauch. By D. M. Moir.
Peninsular Scenes and Sketches. By F. Hardman.
Sir Frizzle Pumpkin, Nights at Mess &c.
The Subaltern.
Life in the Far West. By G. F. Ruxton.
Valerius: A Roman Story. By J. G. Lockhart.

BON GAULTIER'S BOOK OF BALLADS. Eighteenth Edition, with Autobiographical Introduction by Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B. With Illustrations by Doyle, Leech, and Crowquill. Small quarto, 5s. net.

BOWHILL. Questions and Answers in the Theory and Practice of Military Topography. By Major J. H. Bowhill. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. net. Portfolio containing 34 working plans and diagrams, 3s. 6d. net.

BRACKENBURY. Some Memories of My Spare Time, 1856-1885. By General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Brackenbury, G.C.B. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

BREADALBANE. The High Tops of Black Mount. By The Marchioness of Breadalbane. Second Impression. With Illustrations from Photographs by Olive Mackenzie. Short demy, 6s. net.

BRUCE. In the Footsteps of Marco Polo. Being the Account of a Journey Overland from Simla to Pekin. By Major Clarence Dalrymple Bruce. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 21s. net.

BUCHAN.

The Watcher by the Threshold, and other Tales. By John Buchan. Second Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s.

A Lodge in the Wilderness. Second Impression. Short demy 8vo, 6s.

Some Eighteenth Century By-Ways, and other Essays. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

BURBIDGE.

Domestic Floriculture, Window Gardening, and Floral Decorations. Being Practical Directions for the Propagation, Culture, and Arrangement of Plants and Flowers as Domestic Ornaments. By F. W. Burbidge. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, with numerous Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

BURTON.

The History of Scotland: From Agricola's Invasion to the Extinction of the last Jacobite Insurrection. By John Hill Burton, D.C.L., Historiographer-Royal for Scotland. Cheaper Edition. In 8 vols. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net each.

The Book-Hunter. A New Edition, with specially designed Title-page and Cover by Joseph Brown. Printed on antique laid paper. Post 8vo, 3s. 6d.

BUTE.

The Roman Breviary: Reformed by Order of the Holy Œcumenical Council of Trent; Published by Order of Pope St Pius V.; and Revised by Clement VIII. and Urban VIII.; together with the Offices since granted. Translated out of Latin into English by John, Marquess of Bute, K.T. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged. In 4 vols. crown 8vo, 42s. net. In 1 vol. crown 4to, 63s. net.

The Altus of St Columba. With a Prose Paraphrase and Notes. By John, Marquess of Bute, K.T. In paper cover, 2s. 6d.

Sermones, Fratris Adæ, Ordinis Præmonstratensis, &c. Twenty-eight Discourses of Adam Scotus of Whithorn, hitherto unpublished; to which is added a Collection of Notes by the same, illustrative of the rule of St Augustine. Edited, at the desire of the late Marquess of Bute, K.T., LL.D., &c., by Walter de Gray Birch, LL.D., F.S.A., of the British Museum, &c. Royal 8vo, 25s. net.

Catalogue of a Collection of Original MSS. formerly belonging to the Holy Office of the Inquisition in the Canary Islands. Prepared under the direction of the late Marquess of Bute, K.T., LL.D., by Walter de Gray Birch, LL.D., F.S.A. 2 vols. royal 8vo, £3, 3s. net.

BUTE, MACPHAIL, and LONSDALE. The Arms of the Royal and Parliamentary Burghs of Scotland. By John, Marquess of Bute, K.T., J. R. N. Macphail, and H. W. Lonsdale. With 131 Engravings on wood, and 11 other Illustrations. Crown 4to, £2, 2s. net.

BUTE, STEVENSON, AND LONSDALE. The Arms of the Baronial and Police Burghs of Scotland. By JOHN, MARQUESS OF BUTE, K.T., J. H. STEVENSON, and H. W. LONSDALE. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 4to, £2, 2s. net.

CALDWELL. Schopenhauer's System in its Philosophical Significance (the Shaw Fellowship Lectures, 1893). By Professor WILLIAM CALDWELL, D.Sc., M'Gill University, Montreal. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

CALLWELL.

The Effect of Maritime Command on Land Campaigns since Waterloo. By Col. C. E. CALLWELL, C.B. With Plans. Post 8vo, 6s. net.

Tactics of To-day. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

Military Operations and Maritime Preponderance: Their Relations and Interdependence. Demy 8vo, 15s. net.

The Tactics of Home Defence. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

CANDLER. The Mantle of the East. By EDMUND CANDLER. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

CAREY. "No. 101." Third Impression. By WYMOND CAREY. Crown 8vo, 6s. Cheap Edition, royal 8vo, paper covers, 6d.

CARLYLE. A History of Mediæval Political Theory in the West. By R. W. CARLYLE, C.I.E., Balliol College, Oxford; and A. J. CARLYLE, M.A., Chaplain and Lecturer (late Fellow) of University College, Oxford. In 3 vols. demy 8vo. Vol. I.—A History of Political Theory from the Roman Lawyers of the Second Century to the Political Writers of the Ninth. By A. J. CARLYLE. 15s. net. Vol. II.—Demy 8vo, 15s. net.

CHESNEY. The Dilemma. By General Sir GEORGE CHESNEY, K.C.B. A New Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s.

CHRISTIE. The Influence of Letters on the Scottish Reformation. By Rev. GEORGE CHRISTIE, B.D. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

CHURCH SERVICE SOCIETY.

A Book of Common Order: being Forms of Worship issued by the Church Service Society. Seventh Edition, carefully revised. In 1 vol. crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; French morocco, 5s. Also in 2 vols. crown 8vo, cloth, 4s.; French morocco, 6s. 6d.

Daily Offices for Morning and Evening Prayer throughout the Week. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Order of Divine Service for Children. Issued by the Church Service Society. With Scottish Hymnal. Cloth, 3d.

CLIFFORD.

Sally: A Study; and other Tales of the Outskirts. By Sir HUGH CLIFFORD, K.C.M.G. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Saleh: A Sequel. Crown 8vo, 6s.

CLODD. Thomas Henry Huxley. "Modern English Writers." By EDWARD CLODD. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

CLOUSTON.

The Lunatic at Large. By J. STORER CLOUSTON. Ninth Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s. CHEAP EDITION, 1s. net. PEOPLE'S EDITION, paper covers, 6d.

Count Bunker: Being a Sequel to 'The Lunatic at Large. Third Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s. CHEAP EDITION, royal 8vo, paper covers, 6d.

The Adventures of M. D'Haricot. Third Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s. CHEAP EDITION, royal 8vo paper cover, 6d.

Our Lady's Inn. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Garmiscath. Crown 8vo, 6s.

COLEBROOKE. Winged Dreams. By HELEN COLEBROOKE. Crown 8vo, 6s.

COLLINS. Leaves from the Diary of a Country Cricketer. By W. E. W. COLLINS. Crown 8vo, 6s.

COMBE.

Celia Kirkham's Son. By Mrs KENNETH COMBE. Second Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Seekers All. Crown 8vo, 6s.

CONRAD.

Lord Jim. A Tale. By JOSEPH CONRAD, Author of 'The Nigger of the Narcissus,' 'An Outcast of the Islands,' 'Tales of Unrest,' &c. Fourth Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Youth: A Narrative; and Two other Stories. Third Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s.

COOPER. Liturgy of 1637, commonly called Laud's Liturgy. Edited by the Rev. Professor COOPER, D.D., Glasgow. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

CORNFORD. R. L. Stevenson. "Modern English Writers." By L. COPE CORNFORD. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

COUNTY HISTORIES OF SCOTLAND. In demy 8vo volumes of about 350 pp. each. With Maps. Price 7s. 6d. net.

Fife and Kinross. By ÆNEAS J. G. MACKAY, LL.D., Sheriff of these Counties.

Dumfries and Galloway. By Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart., M.P. Second Edition.

Moray and Nairn. By CHARLES RAMPINI, LL.D., Sheriff of Dumfries and Galloway.

Inverness. By J. CAMERON LEES, D.D.

Roxburgh, Selkirk, and Peebles. By Sir GEORGE DOUGLAS, Bart.

Aberdeen and Banff. By WILLIAM WATT, Editor of Aberdeen 'Daily Free Press.'

COUTTS. Famous Duels of the Fleet. By H. B. MONEY COUTTS. With Coloured Frontispiece and Illustrations by N. WILKINSON. Crown 8vo, 6s.

CRAIK. A Century of Scottish History. From the Days before the '45 to those within living Memory. By Sir HENRY CRAIK, K.C.B., M.A. (Oxon.), Hon. LL.D. (Glasgow). Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

CRAWFORD. Saracinesca. By F. MARION CRAWFORD, Author of 'Mr Isaacs,' &c., &c. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. CHEAP EDITION, 1s. net. PEOPLE'S EDITION, paper covers, 6d.

CROSS.

Impressions of Dante and of the New World. By J. W. CROSS. Post 8vo, 6s.

The Rake's Progress in Finance. Crown 8vo, 2s. net.

CUMMING.

Memories. By C. F. GORDON CUMMING. Demy 8vo. Illustrated, 20s net.

At Home in Fiji. Post 8vo. Illustrated. Cheap Edition, 6s.

A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War. Post 8vo. Illustrated. Cheap Edition. 6s.

Fire-Fountains. 2 vols. post 8vo. Illustrated, 25s.

Granite Crags. Post 8vo. Illustrated. Cheap Edition. 6s.

Wanderings in China. Small post 8vo. Cheap Edition. 6s.

CURTIS.

The Bias. By MARGUERITE CURTIS. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Marcia: A Transcript from Life. Crown 8vo, 6s.

DAVIS. "When Half-Gods Go." By JESSIE AINSWORTH DAVIS. Second Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s.

DE HAVEN. The Scarlet Cloak. By AUDREY DE HAVEN. Crown 8vo, 6s.

DESCARTES. The Method, Meditations, and Principles of Philosophy of Descartes. Translated from the original French and Latin. With a new Introductory Essay, Historical and Critical, on the Cartesian Philosophy. By Professor VEITCH, LL.D. Fourteenth Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s. 6d.

DIVER.

Captain Desmond, V.C. By MAUD DIVER. Ninth Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s. Cheap edition, 1s. net.

The Great Amulet. Seventh Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s. Cheap Edition, 1s. net.

Candles in the Wind. Fifth Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s.

The Englishwoman in India. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

DODDS AND MACPHERSON. The Licensing Acts (Scotland) Consolidation and Amendment Act, 1903. Annotated by Mr J. M. DODDS, C.B., of the Scottish Office; Joint-Editor of the 'Parish Council Guide for Scotland, and Mr EWAN MACPHERSON, Advocate, Legal Secretary to the Lord Advocate. In 1 vol. crown 8vo, 5s. net.

DOUGLAS.

The Ethics of John Stuart Mill. By CHARLES DOUGLAS, M.A., D.Sc., late Lecturer in Moral Philosophy, and Assistant to the Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Post 8vo, 6s. net.

John Stuart Mill: A Study of his Philosophy. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d net.

DUNN-PATTISON.

History of the 91st Argyllshire Highlanders. By R. P. DUNN-PATTISON. With Maps and Illustrations. Demy 4to, 42s. net.

ECCOTT.

Fortune's Castaway. By W. J. ECCOTT. Crown 8vo, 6s.

His Indolence of Arras. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Hearth of Hutton. Crown 8vo, 6s.

The Red Neighbour. Crown 8vo, 6s. Cheap Edition, 1s. net.

The Background. Crown 8vo, 6s.

A Demoiselle of France. Crown 8vo, 6s.

ELIOT.

The New Popular Edition of George Eliot's Works, with Photogravure Frontispiece to each Volume, from Drawings by William Hatherell, R.I., Edgar Bundy, R.I., Byam Shaw, R.I., A. A. Van Anrooy, Maurice Greiffenhagen, Claude A. Shepperson, R.I., E. J. Sullivan, and Max Cowper. Each Work complete in One Volume. Handsomely bound, gilt top. 3s. 6d. net. Ten Volumes in all.

Adam Bede.
Scenes of Clerical Life.
The Mill on the Floss.
Felix Holt, the Radical.
Middlemarch.
Silas Marner; Brother Jacob; The Lifted Veil.
Romola.
Daniel Deronda.
The Spanish Gypsy; Jubal.
Essays; Theophrastus Such.

George Eliot's Life. With Portrait and other Illustrations. New Edition, in one volume. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Life and Works of George Eliot (Warwick Edition). 14 volumes, cloth, limp, gilt top, 2s. net per volume; leather, limp, gilt top, 2s. 6d. net per volume; leather gilt top, with book-marker. 3s. net per volume.

Adam Bede. 826 pp.
The Mill on the Floss. 828 pp.
Felix Holt, the Radical. 718 pp.
Romola. 900 pp.
Scenes of Clerical Life. 624 pp.
Silas Marner; Brother Jacob; The Lifted Veil. 560 pp.
Middlemarch. 2 vols. 664 and 630 pp.
Daniel Deronda. 2 vols. 616 and 636 pp.
The Spanish Gypsy; Jubal
Essays; Theophrastus Such.
Life. 2 vols., 626 and 580 pp.

Works of George Eliot (Standard Edition). 21 volumes, crown 8vo. In buckram cloth, gilt top, 2s. 6d. per vol.; or in roxburghe binding, 3s. 6d. per vol.

Adam Bede. 2 vols.—The Mill on the Floss. 2 vols.—Felix Holt, the Radical. 2 vols.—Romola. 2 vols.—Scenes of Clerical Life. 2 vols.—Middlemarch. 3 vols.—Daniel Deronda. 3 vols.—Silas Marner. 1 vol. —Jubal. 1 vol.—The Spanish Gypsy. 1 vol.—Essays. 1 vol.—Theophrastus Such. 1 vol.

Life and Works of George Eliot (Cabinet Edition). 24 volumes, crown 8vo, price £6. Also to be had handsomely bound in half and full calf. The Volumes are sold separately, bound in cloth, price 5s. each.

Novels by George Eliot. Popular Copyright Edition. In new uniform binding, price 3s. 6d. each.

Adam Bede.
The Mill on the Floss.
Scenes of Clerical Life.
Romola.
Felix Holt, the Radical.
Silas Marner; The Lifted Veil; Brother Jacob.
Middlemarch.
Daniel Deronda.

Essays. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Impressions of Theophrastus Such. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

The Spanish Gypsy. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

The Legend of Jubal, and other Poems, Old and New. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Silas Marner. New Edition, with Illustrations by Reginald Birch. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d. net. Cheap Edition, 2s. 6d. Cheap Edition, royal 8vo, paper cover, price 6d.

Scenes of Clerical Life. Cheap Edition, 3s. Illustrated Edition, with 20 Illustrations by H. R. Millar, crown 8vo, 2s.; paper covers, 1s. Cheap Edition, royal 8vo, in paper cover, price 6d.

ELIOT.

Felix Holt. Cheap Edition. Royal 8vo, in paper cover, 6d.

Adam Bede. Cheap Edition, royal 8vo, in paper cover, price 6d. New Edition, crown 8vo, paper cover, 1s.; crown 8vo, with Illustrations, cloth, 2s.

The Mill on the Floss. Cheap Edition, royal 8vo, in paper cover, price 6d. New Edition, paper covers, 1s.; cloth, 2s.

Wise, Witty, and Tender Sayings, in Prose and Verse. Selected from the Works of GEORGE ELIOT. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

ELLIS.

Madame, Will You Walk? By BETH ELLIS. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Blind Mouths. Crown 8vo, 6s.

The Moon of Bath. Fourth Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s. Cheap Edition, 1s. net.

The King's Spy. Second Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s.

ELTON. The Augustan Ages. "Periods of European Literature." By OLIVER ELTON, M.A., Professor of English Literature, University College, Liverpool. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

EVERARD. History of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, St Andrews. By H. S. C. EVERARD. With Eight Coloured Portraits, and many other Unique Illustrations. Crown 4to, 21s. net.

F. Stories of the English. Told to a Child. By F. With 50 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5s. net. Popular Edition, crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

FERRIER. Philosophical Remains. Crown 8vo, 14s.

FLINT.

Philosophy as Scientia Scientiarum. A History of Classifications of the Sciences. By ROBERT FLINT, D.D., LL.D., Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, Hon. Member of the Royal Society of Palermo, Professor in the University of Edinburgh, &c. 12s. 6d. net.

Studies on Theological, Biblical, and other Subjects. 7s. 6d. net.

Historical Philosophy in France and French Belgium and Switzerland. 8vo, 21s.

Theism. Being the Baird Lecture for 1876. Tenth Edition, Revised. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Anti-Theistic Theories. Being the Baird Lecture for 1877. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

Sermons and Addresses. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d

FOREIGN CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS. Edited by Mrs OLIPHANT. Price 1s. each net. *For List of Volumes, see page 2.*

FORREST.

History of the Indian Mutiny. By G. W. FORREST, C.I.E. Ex-Director of Records, Government of India. 2 vols. demy 8vo, 38s. net.

Life of Field-Marshal Sir Neville B. Chamberlain, G.C.B., G.C.S.I. With two Photogravure Portraits. Demy 8vo, 18s. net.

FORSTER.

Where Angels Fear to Tread. By E. M. FORSTER. Crown 8vo, 6s.

The Longest Journey. Second Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s.

FOULIS. The Vital Spark. By HUGH FOULIS. Illustrated. 1s. net.

FRANKLIN. Some Everyday Folk and Dawn. By MILES FRANKLIN. Crown 8vo, 6s.

FRASER.

Philosophy of Theism. Being the Gifford Lectures delivered before the University of Edinburgh in 1894-96. By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL FRASER, D.C.L. Oxford; Emeritus Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. Second Edition, Revised. Post 8vo, 6s. 6d. net.

Biographia Philosophica. In 1 vol. demy 8vo, 6s. net.

FRASER.

The Marches of Hindustan: The Record of a Journey in Thibet, Trans-Himalayan India, Chinese Turkestan, Russian Turkestan, and Persia. By DAVID FRASER. With Illustrations, Maps, and Sketches. Demy 8vo, £1, 1s. net.

The Short Cut to India. The Record of a Journey along the Route of the Baghdad Railway. With 83 Illustrations. Second Impression. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.

Persia and Turkey in Revolt. With numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.

FRENCH COOKERY FOR ENGLISH HOMES. Third Impression. Crown 8vo, limp cloth, 2s. 6d. Also in limp leather, 3s.

FULTON. The Sovereignty of the Sea. An Historical Account of the Claims to the exclusive Dominion of the British Seas and of the Evolution of the Territorial Waters, with special reference to the Rights of Fishing. By T. WEMYSS FULTON, M.D., F.R.S.E. With numerous Illustrations and Maps. Demy 8vo. [*In the press.*

FYFE. The New Spirit in Egypt. By H. HAMILTON FYFE. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 5s. net.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

Scottish Hymnal, With Appendix Incorporated. Published for use in Churches by Authority of the General Assembly. 1. Large type, cloth, red edges, 2s. 6d.; French morocco, 4s. 2. Bourgeois type, limp cloth, 1s.; French morocco, 2s. 3. Nonpareil type, cloth, red edges, 6d.; French morocco, 1s. 4d. 4. Paper covers, 3d. 5. Sunday-School Edition, paper covers, 1d., cloth, 2d. No. 1, bound with the Psalms and Paraphrases, French morocco, 8s. No. 2, bound with the Psalms and Paraphrases, cloth, 2s.; French morocco, 3s.

Services of Prayer for Social and Family Worship. Prepared by a Special Committee of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Fcap. 8vo, red edges, 1s. 6d. net.

Prayers for Family Worship. A Selection of Four Weeks' Prayers. New Edition. Authorised by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Fcap. 8vo, red edges, 1s. net.

One Hundred Prayers. Prepared by the Committee on Aids to Devotion. 16mo, cloth limp, 6d.

Morning and Evening Prayers for Affixing to Bibles. Prepared by the Committee on Aids to Devotion. 1d. for 6, or 1s. per 100.

Prayers for Soldiers. Prepared by the Committee on Aids to Devotion. Seventieth Thousand. 16mo, cloth limp. 2d. net.

Prayers for Sailors and Fisher-Folk. Prepared and Published by Instruction of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Fcap. 8vo, 1s. net.

GERARD.

Reata: What's in a Name. By E. D. GERARD. Cheap Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Beggar my Neighbour. Cheap Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

The Waters of Hercules. Cheap Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

A Sensitive Plant. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

GERARD.

Honour's Glassy Bubble. By E. GERARD. Crown 8vo, 6s.

A Foreigner. An Anglo-German Study. Crown 8vo, 6s.

GERARD.

One Year. By DOROTHEA GERARD (Madame Longard de Longgarde). Crown 8vo, 6s.

The Impediment. Crown 8vo, 6s.

A Spotless Reputation. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

The Wrong Man. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Lady Baby. Cheap Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Recha. Crown 8vo, 6s.

A Forgotten Sin. Crown 8vo, 6s.

GIBBON.

Souls in Bondage. By PERCEVAL GIBBON. Crown 8vo, 6s.

The Vrouw Grobelaar's Leading Cases. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Salvator. Crown 8vo, 6s.

GILL. The $CHCl_3$-Problem. By RICHARD GILL. 2 vols. crown 8vo, 5s. net each.

GILLANDERS. Forest Entomology. By A. T. GILLANDERS, F.E.S. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 15s. net.

GLASGOW BALLAD CLUB. Ballads and Poems. By MEMBERS OF THE GLASGOW BALLAD CLUB. Third Series. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

GLEIG. The Subaltern. By Rev. G. R. GLEIG. Fcap. 8vo, 1s. net.

GRAHAM.

Manual of the Elections (Scot.) (Corrupt and Illegal Practices) Act, 1890. With Analysis, Relative Act of Sederunt, Appendix containing the Corrupt Practices Acts of 1883 and 1885, and Copious Index. By J. EDWARD GRAHAM, Advocate. 8vo, 4s. 6d.

A Manual of the Acts relating to Education in Scotland. (Founded on that of the late Mr Craig Sellar.) Demy 8vo, 18s.

The New Education (Scotland) Act. With Notes. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

GRAHAM AND PATERSON. True Romances of Scotland. By E. MAXTONE GRAHAM and E. PATERSON. Illustrations. Second Impression. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

GRAND. Singularly Deluded. By SARAH GRAND. Crown 8vo, 6s.

GRANT.

The Makers of Black Basaltes. By CAPTAIN M. H. GRANT ("LINESMAN"). With upwards of 200 Illustrations. Demy 4to. 21s. net.

GREY. Poems. By DULCIBELLA ETHEL GREY. With a Prefatory Note by H. Cholmondeley Pennell. Demy 8vo. Vellum, 12s. 6d. net; half vellum, 7s. 6d. net

GRIER.

In Furthest Ind. The Narrative of Mr Edward Carlyon of Ellswether, in the County of Northampton, and late of the Honourable East India Company's Service, Gentleman. Wrote by his own hand in the year of grace 1697 Edited, with a few Explanatory Notes. By Sydney C. Grier. Second Impression. Post 8vo, 6s.

His Excellency's English Governess. Third Impression. Cr. 8vo, 6s.

An Uncrowned King: A Romance of High Politics. Third Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Peace with Honour. Third Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s.

A Crowned Queen: The Romance of a Minister of State. Third Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Like Another Helen. Second Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s.

The Kings of the East: A Romance of the near Future. Fourth Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s.

The Warden of the Marches. Third Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s. Cheap Edition, paper cover, 6d.

The Prince of the Captivity. Second Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s.

The Advanced-Guard. Third Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s.

The Great Proconsul: The Memoirs of Mrs Hester Ward, formerly in the family of the Hon. Warren Hastings, Esquire, late Governor-General of India. Crown 8vo, 6s.

The Heir. Crown 8vo, 6s.

The Power of the Keys. With Illustrations by A. Pearce. Fourth Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s. Cheap Edition, 1s. net.

The Heritage. Fourth Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s.

The Path to Honour. Third Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s.

The Prize. Crown 8vo, 6s.

The Letters of Warren Hastings to his Wife. Demy 8vo, 6s. net.

GRIERSON. The First Half of the Seventeenth Century. (Periods of European Literature.) By Professor H. J. C. Grierson. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

GRIERSON. Records of the Scottish Volunteer Force 1859-1908. By Major-General J. M. Grierson, C.V.O., C.B., C.M.G. With 47 Coloured Plates. Crown 4to, 25s. net.

GRIFFIN.

Lady Sarah's Deed of Gift. By E. Aceituna Griffin. Crown 8vo, 6s.

A Servant of the King. Crown 8vo, 6s.

GROOT. The Affair on the Bridge. By J. Morgan de Groot. Crown 8vo, 6s.

HAMLEY.

The Operations of War Explained and Illustrated. By General Sir Edward Bruce Hamley, K.C.B., K.C.M.G. Second Edition of Fifth Edition. With Maps and Plans. 4to, 30s. Also in 2 parts: Part I., 10s. 6d.; Part II., 21s.

A New Edition, brought up to the latest requirements. By Brigadier-General L. E. Kiggell, C.B. 4to, with Maps and Plans, 30s.

Thomas Carlyle: An Essay. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

On Outposts. Second Edition. 8vo, 2s.

Lady Lee's Widowhood. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s.

HAMILTON. Greek Saints and their Festivals. By MARY HAMILTON, D. Litt. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

HANNAY.

The Later Renaissance. "Periods of European Literature." By DAVID HANNAY. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

Ships and Men. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

HARRADEN.

Ships that Pass in the Night. By BEATRICE HARRADEN. Illustrated Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

The Fowler. Illustrated Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. Cheap Edition, paper cover, 6d.

Untold Tales of the Past. With 40 Illustrations by H. R. Millar. Square crown 8vo, gilt top, 5s. net.

Katharine Frensham. Crown 8vo, 6s.

HARTLEY. Wild Sport with Gun, Rifle, and Salmon-Rod. By GILFRID W. HARTLEY. With numerous Illustrations in photogravure and half-tone from drawings by G. E. LODGE and others. Demy 8vo, 6s. net.

HAY.

"Pip." By IAN HAY. Third Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s. Cheap Edition, 1s. net.

"The Right Stuff." Some Episodes in the Career of a North Briton. Fourth Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s.

A Man's Man. Second Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s.

HAYLLAR. Nepenthes. By FLORENCE HAYLLAR. Second Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s.

HEMANS. Select Poems of Mrs Hemans. Fcap., cloth, gilt edges, 3s.

HENDERSON. The Young Estate Manager's Guide. By RICHARD HENDERSON, Member (by Examination) of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, and the Surveyors' Institution. With an Introduction by R. Patrick Wright, F.R.S.E., Professor of Agriculture, Glasgow and West of Scotland Technical College. With Plans and Diagrams. Crown 8vo, 5s.

HENDERSON. The Life and Times of John Wilkins, Warden of Wadham College, Oxford; Master of Trinity College, Cambridge; and Bishop of Chester. By P. A. WRIGHT HENDERSON. With Illustrations. Pott 4to, 5s. net.

HERFORD. Browning (Modern English Writers). By Professor HERFORD. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

HERKLESS AND HANNAY.

The College of St Leonard's. By Professor HERKLESS and ROBERT KERR HANNAY. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

The Archbishops of St Andrews. Vols. I. and II. Demy 8vo, each 7s. 6d. net.

HINTS ON HOCKEY. With Plans and Rules. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 1s.

HOPE. A History of the 1900 Parliament. By JAMES F. HOPE. In two volumes. Vol. I. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

HUME. Dialogues concerning Natural Religion. By DAVID HUME. Reprinted, with an Introduction by BRUCE M'EWEN, D.Phil. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

HUTCHINSON. Hints on the Game of Golf. By HORACE G. HUTCHINSON. Twelfth Edition, Revised. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s.

HUTTON. Italy and the Italians. By EDWARD HUTTON. With Illustrations. Second Edition. Large crown 8vo, 6s.

INNES.

Free Church Union Case. Judgment of the House of Lords. With Introduction by A. TAYLOR INNES, LL.D. Demy 8vo, 1s. net.

The Law of Creeds in Scotland. A Treatise on the Relations of Churches in Scotland, Established and not Established, to the Civil Law. Demy 8vo, 10s. net.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER.

On the Heels of De Wet. By THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICER. Sixth Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s. Cheap Edition, royal 8vo, paper cover, 6d.

The Boy Galloper. With Illustrations. In 1 vol. cr. 8vo, 6s.

The Yellow War. Crown 8vo, 6s.

A Subaltern of Horse. Second Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s.

IRONS. The Psychology of Ethics. By DAVID IRONS, M.A., Ph.D. Professor of Philosophy in Bryn Mawr College, Penn. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

JAMES. William Wetmore Story and his Friends. From Letters, Diaries, and Recollections. By HENRY JAMES. With 2 Portraits. In two vols. post 8vo, 24s. net.

JAMES.

Modern Strategy. By Lieut.-Col. WALTER H. JAMES, *P.S.C.*, late R.E. With 6 Maps. Third Edition, thoroughly revised and brought up to date. Royal 8vo, 16s. net.

The Campaign of 1815, chiefly in Flanders. With Maps and Plans. Demy 8vo, 16s. net.

The Development of Tactics from 1740 to the Present Day. Demy 8vo. [*In the press.*

JAMES. Side-Tracks and Bridal-Paths. By LIONEL JAMES (Intelligence Officer). Crown 8vo, 6s.

JOHNSTON.

Elements of Agricultural Chemistry. An entirely New Edition from the Edition by Sir CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D. Revised and in great part rewritten by C. M. AIKMAN, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S.E., F.I.C., Professor of Chemistry, Glasgow Veterinary College. 20th Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s. 6d.

Catechism of Agricultural Chemistry. An entirely New Edition from the Edition by Sir CHARLES A. CAMERON. Revised and Enlarged by C. M. AIKMAN, M.A., &c. 95th Thousand. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 1s

JOHNSTON.

Agricultural Holdings (Scotland) Acts, 1883 to 1900; and the Ground Game Act, 1880. With Notes, and Summary of Procedure, &c. By CHRISTOPHER N. JOHNSTON, K.C., LL.D. Sixth Edition. Demy 8vo, 6s. net.

Major Owen, and other Tales. Crown 8vo, 6s.

c

JOKAI. Timar's Two Worlds. By MAURUS JOKAI. Authorised Translation by Mrs HEGAN KENNARD. Cheap Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

JORDAN. My Lady of Intrigue. By HUMPHREY JORDAN. Crown 8vo, 6s.

KENNION. Sport and Life in the Further Himalaya. By Major R. L. KENNION. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.

KER. The Dark Ages. "Periods of European Literature." By Professor W. P. KER. In 1 vol. crown 8vo, 5s. net.

KERR.

Memories: Grave and Gay. By JOHN KERR, LL.D. With Portrait and other Illustrations. Cheaper Edition, Enlarged. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

Other Memories: Old and New. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

KINGLAKE.

History of the Invasion of the Crimea. By A. W. KINGLAKE. Complete in 9 vols., crown 8vo. Cheap reissue at 3s. 6d. each.

—— Abridged Edition for Military Students. Revised by Lieut.-Col. Sir GEORGE SYDENHAM CLARKE, K.C.M.G., R.E. Demy 8vo, 15s. net.

——— Atlas to accompany above. Folio, 9s. net.

Eothen. A New Edition, uniform with the Cabinet Edition of the 'History of the Invasion of the Crimea.' 6s.

CHEAPER EDITION. With Portrait and Biographical Sketch of the Author. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

KINGSBURGH. Fifty Years of It: The Experiences and Struggles of a Volunteer of 1859. By The Right Hon. LORD KINGSBURGH K.C.B. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

KNEIPP. My Water-Cure. As Tested through more than Thirty Years, and Described for the Healing of Diseases and the Preservation of Health. By SEBASTIAN KNEIPP. With a Portrait and other Illustrations. Authorised English Translation from the Thirtieth German Edition, by A. de F. With an Appendix, containing the Latest Developments of Pfarrer Kneipp's System, and a Preface by E. Gerard. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

LANCE. The Crowning Hour. By RUPERT LANCE. Crown 8vo, 6s.

LANG.

A History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation. By ANDREW LANG. Complete in Four Volumes. Demy 8vo, £3, 3s. net.

Vol. I. With a Photogravure Frontispiece. 15s. net.
Vol. II. With a Photogravure Frontispiece. 15s. net.
Vol. III. With a Photogravure Frontispiece. 15s. net.
Vol. IV. With a Photogravure Frontispiece. 20s. net.

Tennyson. "Modern English Writers." 2nd Ed. Cr. 8vo, 2s. 6d.

LAWSON.

British Economics. By W. R. LAWSON. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

American Finance. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

John Bull and His Schools. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

LEHMANN.

Crumbs of Pity, and other Verses; to which are added Six Lives of Great Men. By R. C. LEHMANN, author of 'Anni Fugaces,' &c. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

Light and Shade: And other Poems. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

LEIGHTON. The Life History of British Serpents, and their Local Distribution in the British Isles. By GERALD R. LEIGHTON, M.D. With 50 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

LEISHMAN. The Westminster Directory. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by the Very Rev. T. LEISHMAN, D.D. Crown 8vo, 4s. net.

LEWIS. The Pilgrim. By ARTHUR LEWIS. Crown 8vo, 6s.

LINDSAY.

Recent Advances in Theistic Philosophy of Religion. By Rev. JAMES LINDSAY, M.A., D.D., B.Sc., F.R.S.E., F.G.S., Minister of the Parish of St Andrew's, Kilmarnock. Demy 8vo, 12s 6d. net.

The Progressiveness of Modern Christian Thought. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Essays, Literary and Philosophical. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

The Significance of the Old Testament for Modern Theology. Crown 8vo, 1s. net.

The Teaching Function of the Modern Pulpit. Crown 8vo, 1s. net.

Studies in European Philosophy. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

The Fundamental Problems of Metaphysics. Cr. 8vo, 4s. net.

The Psychology of Belief. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

LITURGIES AND ORDERS OF DIVINE SERVICE (CHURCH SERVICE SOCIETY).

The Second Prayer Book of King Edward the Sixth (1552). With Historical Introduction and Notes by the Rev. H. J. WOTHERSPOON, M.A., of St Oswald's Edinburgh; and THE LITURGY OF COMPROMISE. Used in the English Congregation at Frankfort. From an Unpublished MS. Edited by the Rev. G. W. SPROTT, D.D. 4s. net.

Book of Common Order. Commonly called Knox's Liturgy. Edited by Rev. G. W. SPROTT, D.D. 4s. 6d. net.

Scottish Liturgies of the Reign of James VI. Edited by Rev. G. W. SPROTT, D.D. 4s. net.

Liturgy of 1637. Commonly called Laud's Liturgy. Edited by the Rev. Professor COOPER, D.D. 7s. 6d. net.

The Westminster Directory. Edited by Very Rev. T. LEISHMAN, D.D. 4s. net.

Euchologion. A Book of Common Order: Being Forms of Prayer, and Administration of the Sacraments, and other Ordinances of the Church. Edited by the Rev. G. W. SPROTT, D.D. 4s. 6d. net.

LOBBAN. An Anthology of English Verse from Chaucer to the Present Day. By J. H. LOBBAN, M.A. Crown 8vo, gilt top, 5s.

LOCKHART.

Doubles and Quits. By LAURENCE W. M. LOCKHART. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Fair to See. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Mine is Thine. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

LORIMER. The Author's Progress: or, The Literary Book of the Road. By ADAM LORIMER. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

LYNDEN-BELL. A Primer of Tactics, Fortification, Topography, and Military Law. By Lieut.-Colonel C. P. LYNDEN-BELL. With Diagrams. Crown 8vo, 3s. net.

MABIE.

Essays on Nature and Culture. By HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE. With Portrait. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Books and Culture. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

M'AULAY. The Safety of the Honours. By ALLAN M'AULAY. Crown 8vo, 6s.

M'CONACHIE. Close to Nature's Heart. By WILLIAM M'CONACHIE, B.D. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

MACCUNN. Sir Walter Scott's Friends. By FLORENCE MACCUNN. With Portraits. Third Impression. Demy 8vo, 10s. net.

MACDONALD. A Manual of the Criminal Law (Scotland) Procedure Act, 1887. By NORMAN DORAN MACDONALD. Revised by the LORD JUSTICE-CLERK. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

M'IVER. An Imperial Adventure. By IVER M'IVER. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s.

MACKAY. The Return of the Emigrant. By LYDIA MILLER MACKAY. Third Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s.

MACKENZIE. Studies in Roman Law. With Comparative Views of the Laws of France, England, and Scotland. By LORD MACKENZIE, one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland. Seventh Edition, Edited by JOHN KIRKPATRICK, M.A., LL.D., Advocate, Professor of History in the University of Edinburgh. 8vo, 21s.

MACKINLAY. Garcia the Centenarian: and his Times. Being a Memoir of Don Manuel Garcia's Life and Labours for the advancement of Music and Science. By M. STERLING MACKINLAY, M.A. Oxon. With twenty Portraits. Demy 8vo, 15s. net.

MACNAMARA.

The Trance. By RACHEL SWETE MACNAMARA. Crown 8vo, 6s.

The Sibyl of Venice. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Seed of Fire. Crown 8vo, 6s.

MACPHERSON.

Books to Read and How to Read Them. By HECTOR MACPHERSON. Second Impression. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

A Century's Intellectual Development. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

A Century of Political Development. 3s. 6d. net.

MACPHERSON.

A Century's Progress in Astronomy. By HECTOR MACPHERSON, Jun. Short demy 8vo, 6s. net.

Through the Depths of Space: A Primer of Astronomy. Crown 8vo, 2s. net.

MAIR.

A Digest of Laws and Decisions, Ecclesiastical and Civil, relating to the Constitution, Practice, and Affairs of the Church of Scotland. With Notes and Forms of Procedure. By the Rev. WILLIAM MAIR, D.D., lately Minister of the Parish of Earlston. New Edition, Revised. In 1 vol. crown 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.

Speaking; or, From Voice Production to the Platform and Pulpit. Fourth Edition, Revised. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d. net.

MARSHMAN. History of India. From the Earliest Period to the present time. By JOHN CLARK MARSHMAN, C.S.I. Third and Cheaper Edition. Post 8vo, with Map, 6s.

MARTIN.

Poems of Giacomo Leopardi. Translated by Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

The Æneid of Virgil. Books I.-VI. Translated by Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Goethe's Faust. Part I. Translated into English Verse. Second Edition, crown 8vo, 6s. Ninth Edition, fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Goethe's Faust. Part II. Translated into English Verse. Second Edition, Revised. Fcap. 8vo, 6s.

The Works of Horace. Translated into English Verse, with Life and Notes. 2 vols. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 21s.

Poems and Ballads of Heinrich Heine. Done into English Verse. Third Edition. Small crown 8vo, 5s.

The Song of the Bell, and other Translations from Schiller, Goethe, Uhland, and Others. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Madonna Pia: A Tragedy; and Three Other Dramas. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

The 'Vita Nuova' of Dante. Translated with an Introduction and Notes. Fourth Edition. Small crown 8vo, 5s.

Aladdin: A Dramatic Poem. By ADAM OEHLENSCHLAEGER. Fcap. 8vo, 5s.

Correggio: A Tragedy. By OEHLENSCHLAEGER. With Notes. Fcap. 8vo, 3s.

Helena Faucit (Lady Martin). By Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B., K.C.V.O. With Five Photogravure Plates. Second Edition. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

Poems and Ballads of Goethe. By Sir THEODORE MARTIN and Professor AYTOUN. Third Edition. With Introduction by Sir THEODORE MARTIN. Small crown 8vo, 6s. net.

Queen Victoria as I Knew Her. Square crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

MARTIN. On some of Shakespeare's Female Characters. By HELENA FAUCIT, Lady MARTIN. *Dedicated by permission to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.* With a Portrait by Lehmann. Seventh Edition, with a new Preface. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d.

MASEFIELD. Gilbert Hermer. By CHARLES MASEFIELD. Crown 8vo, 6s.

MASSON. Memories of London in the Forties. By DAVID MASSON. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

MATHESON.

Can the Old Faith Live with the New? or, The Problem of Evolution and Revelation. By the Rev. GEORGE MATHESON, D.D. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

The Psalmist and the Scientist; or, Modern Value of the Religious Sentiment. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Spiritual Development of St Paul. Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo, 5s.

The Distinctive Messages of the Old Religions. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Sacred Songs. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

MAXWELL.

Dumfries and Galloway. By Right Hon. Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart. Being one of the Volumes of the County Histories of Scotland. With Four Maps. Second Edition. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

Holyrood, Abbey Church, Palace, and Environs. Crown 8vo. Paper cover, 6d. net; cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

MAXWELL. The Fear of Life. By GERARD MAXWELL. Crown 8vo, 6s.

MELDRUM.

The Conquest of Charlotte. By DAVID S. MELDRUM. Third Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s.

The Story of Margrédel: Being a Fireside History of a Fifeshire Family. Cheap Edition Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Grey Mantle and Gold Fringe. Crown 8vo, 6s.

MELLONE.

Studies in Philosophical Criticism and Construction. By SYDNEY HERBERT MELLONE, M.A. Lond., D.Sc. Edin. Post 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

Leaders of Religious Thought in the Nineteenth Century. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

An Introductory Text-Book of Logic. Third Edition, Revised. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Elements of Psychology. Crown 8vo, 5s.

The Immortal Hope. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

MERZ. A History of European Thought in the Nineteenth Century. By JOHN THEODORE MERZ. Vol. I. Third Impression. Post 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.
Vol. II., 15s. net.

MEYNELL. John Ruskin. "Modern English Writers." By Mrs MEYNELL. Third Impression. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

MICKLETHWAIT. The Licensing Act, 1904. By St J. G. MICKLETHWAIT, M.A., B.C.L., Barrister-at-Law. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

MILL.

The Colonel Sahib. A Novel. By GARRETT MILL. Second Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Ottavia. Second Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Mr Montgomery: Fool. Crown 8vo, 6s.

In the Hands of the Czar. Crown 8vo, 6s.

The Cardinal's Secret. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Captain Grant's Despatch. Crown 8vo, 6s.

MILLAR. The Mid-Eighteenth Century. "Periods of European Literature." By J. H. MILLAR. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

MITCHELL. The Scottish Reformation. Being the Baird Lecture for 1899. By the late ALEXANDER F. MITCHELL, D.D., LL.D. Edited by D. HAY FLEMING, LL.D. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author, by James Christie, D.D. Crown 8vo, 6s.

MITCHELL. Significant Etymology. By Rev. JAMES MITCHELL, D.D. Short demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

MODERN ENGLISH WRITERS. In handy crown 8vo volumes, tastefully bound, price 2s. 6d. each.

Matthew Arnold. By Professor SAINTSBURY. Second Impression.

R. L. Stevenson. By L. COPE CORNFORD. Second Impression.

John Ruskin. By Mrs MEYNELL. Third Impression.

Tennyson. By ANDREW LANG. Second Edition.

Huxley. By EDWARD CLODD.

Thackeray. By CHARLES WHIBLEY.

Browning. By Prof. C. H. HERFORD.

MOIR. Life of Mansie Wauch, Tailor in Dalkeith. By D. M. MOIR. With CRUIKSHANK'S Illustrations. Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

MOMERIE.

Dr Alfred Momerie. His Life and Work. By Mrs MOMERIE. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.

The Origin of Evil, and other Sermons. By Rev. ALFRED WILLIAMS MOMERIE, M.A., D.Sc., LL.D. Eighth Edition, Enlarged. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Personality. The Beginning and End of Metaphysics, and a Necessary Assumption in all Positive Philosophy. Fifth Ed., Revised. Cr. 8vo, 3s.

Agnosticism. Fourth Edition, Revised. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Preaching and Hearing; and other Sermons. Fourth Edition, Enlarged. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Belief in God. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s.

The Future of Religion, and other Essays. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

The English Church and the Romish Schism. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

Essays on the Bible. Crown 8vo 3s. 6d. net

Character. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

MUNRO.
The Daft Days. Third Impression. By NEIL MUNRO. Crown 8vo, 6s. Cheap Edition, 1s. net.
Fancy Farm. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Uniform Edition Novels.

John Splendid. The Tale of a Poor Gentleman and the Little Wars of Lorn. Sixth Impression. Crown 8vo, 3s 6d.
Children of Tempest: A Tale of the Outer Isles. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
Shoes of Fortune. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
The Lost Pibroch, and other Sheiling Stories. Fourth Impression. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
Doom Castle: A Romance. Second Impression. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
Gilian the Dreamer. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

MUNRO.
Rambles and Studies in Bosnia-Herzegovina and Dalmatia. By ROBERT MUNRO, M.A., M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. With numerous illustrations. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.
Prehistoric Problems. With numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 10s. net.

MUNRO. On Valuation of Property. By WILLIAM MUNRO M.A., Her Majesty's Assessor of Railways and Canals for Scotland Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

MYRES. A Manual of Classical Geography. By JOHN L. MYRES. Crown 8vo. [*In the press.*

NEWBOLT. The New June. By HENRY NEWBOLT. Third Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s.

NICHOLSON AND LYDEKKER.
A Manual of Palæontology, for the Use of Students. With a General Introduction on the Principles of Palæontology. By Professor H. ALLEYNE NICHOLSON and RICHARD LYDEKKER, B.A. Third Edition, entirely Rewritten and greatly Enlarged. 2 vols. 8vo, £3, 3s.

NICOL.
Recent Archæology and the Bible. Being the Croall Lectures for 1898. By the Rev. THOMAS NICOL, D.D., Professor of Divinity and Biblical Criticism in the University of Aberdeen; Author of 'Recent Explorations in Bible Lands.' Demy 8vo, 9s. net
The Four Gospels in the Earliest Church History. Being the Baird Lecture for 1907. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

NISBET.
The Forester: A Practical Treatise on British Forestry and Arboriculture for Landowners, Land Agents, and Foresters. By JOHN NISBET, D.Œc. In 2 volumes, royal 8vo, with 285 Illustrations, 42s net.
The Elements of British Forestry. A Handbook for Forest Apprentices. Crown 8vo. [*In the press.*

NOBILI. A Modern Antique: A Florentine Story. By RICCARDO NOBILI. Crown 8vo, 6s.

NOBLE.

The Edge of Circumstance. By EDWARD NOBLE. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Waves of Fate. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Fisherman's Gat: A Story of the Thames Estuary. Crown 8vo, 6s.

NOYES.

Drake: An English Epic. By ALFRED NOYES. Books I.-III. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

Drake: An English Epic. Books IV.-XII. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

—— The Complete Work in 1 vol. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

Forty Singing Seamen. Second Impression. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

The Enchanted Island, and other Poems. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

Collected Poems. Demy 8vo. 2 vols. Crown 8vo, 10s. net.

"OLE LUK-OIE." The Green Curve. By "OLE LUK-OIE." Second Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s.

OLIPHANT.

Piccadilly. With Illustrations by Richard Doyle. New Edition, 3s. 6d. Cheap Edition, boards, 2s. 6d.

Episodes in a Life of Adventure; or, Moss from a Rolling Stone. Cheaper Edition. Post 8vo, 3s. 6d.

OLIPHANT.

Annals of a Publishing House. William Blackwood and his Sons; Their Magazine and Friends. By Mrs OLIPHANT. With Four Portraits. Third Edition. Demy 8vo. Vols. I. and II. £2, 2s.

A Widow's Tale, and other Stories. With an Introductory Note by J. M. BARRIE. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Katie Stewart, and other Stories. New Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Katie Stewart. Illustrated boards, 2s. 6d.

Valentine and his Brother. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Sons and Daughters. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

OMOND. The Romantic Triumph. "Periods of European Literature." By T. S. OMOND. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

O'NEILL. Songs of the Glens of Antrim. By MOIRA O'NEILL. Thirteenth Impression. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

OXENDEN. The Story of Esther. By MAUD OXENDEN. Crown 8vo, 6s.

PAGE.

Intermediate Text-Book of Geology. By Professor LAPWORTH. Founded on Dr Page's 'Introductory Text-Book of Geology.' Crown 8vo, 5s.

Advanced Text-Book of Geology. New Edition. Revised and enlarged by Professor LAPWORTH. Crown 8vo. [*In the press*.

Introductory Text-Book of Physical Geography. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

Physical Geography Examinator. Crown 8vo, sewed, 9d.

PATERSON. Peggotts; or, The Indian Contingent. By MARGARET PATERSON. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Reality. Crown 8vo, 6s.

PAUL. History of the Royal Company of Archers, the Queen's Body-Guard for Scotland. By Sir JAMES BALFOUR PAUL, Advocate of the Scottish Bar. Crown 4to, with Portraits and other Illustrations. £2, 2s.

PEARSE. Memoir of the Life and Military Services of Viscount Lake, Baron Lake of Delhi and Laswaree, 1744-1808. With Portraits, &c. Demy 8vo, 15s. net.

PEILE.

Clanbrae: A Golfing Idyll. By PENTLAND PEILE. Crown 8vo, 6s.

The Bluffshire Courier. Crown 8vo, 6s.

PERIODS OF EUROPEAN LITERATURE. Edited by Professor SAINTSBURY. *For List of Volumes, see page 2.*

PHILOSOPHICAL CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS Edited by WILLIAM KNIGHT, LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy, University of St Andrews. Cheap Re-issue in Shilling Volumes net.

[*For List of Volumes, see page 2.*

POLLOK. The Course of Time: A Poem. By ROBERT POLLOK, A.M. New Edition. With Portrait. Fcap. 8vo, gilt top, 2s. 6d.

PRESTON-THOMAS. The Work and Play of a Government Inspector. By HERBERT PRESTON-THOMAS, C.B. With a Preface by The Right Hon. JOHN BURNS, M.P. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

PRINGLE-PATTISON.

Scottish Philosophy. A Comparison of the Scottish and German Answers to Hume. Balfour Philosophical Lectures, University of Edinburgh. By A. SETH PRINGLE-PATTISON, LL.D., D.C.L., Fellow of the British Academy, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Edinburgh University. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Hegelianism and Personality. Balfour Philosophical Lectures. Second Series. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Man's Place in the Cosmos, and other Essays. Second Edition Enlarged. Post 8vo, 6s. net.

PRINGLE-PATTISON.

Two Lectures on Theism. Delivered on the occasion of the Sesquicentennial Celebration of Princeton University. Crown 8vo, 2s 6d.

The Philosophical Radicals and Other Essays, including Chapters reprinted on the Philosophy of Religion in Kant and Hegel. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

PUBLIC GENERAL STATUTES AFFECTING SCOTLAND from 1707 to 1847, with Chronological Table and Index. 3 vols. large 8vo, £3, 3s. Also Published Annually, with General Index.

RANJITSINHJI. The Jubilee Book of Cricket. By PRINCE RANJITSINHJI.

POPULAR EDITION. With 107 full-page Illustrations. Sixth Edition. Large crown 8vo, 6s.

SIXPENNY EDITION. With a selection of the Illustrations.

RICHARDSON. War, Police, and Watch Dogs. By Major E. H. RICHARDSON. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

RIVETT-CARNAC. Many Memories of Life in India, at Home, and Abroad. By J. H. RIVETT-CARNAC, C.I.E. With Portraits. Second Impression. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

ROBERTSON.

Early Religions of Israel. New and Revised Edition. Crown 8vo. [*In the press.*

The Poetry and the Religion of the Psalms. The Croall Lectures, 1893-94. By JAMES ROBERTSON, D.D., Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Glasgow. Demy 8vo, 12s.

ROBERTSON.

A History of German Literature. By JOHN G. ROBERTSON, Ph.D., Professor of German, University of London. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

Schiller after a Century. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

RONALDSHAY.

On the Outskirts of Empire in Asia. By the EARL OF RONALDSHAY, M.P. With numerous Illustrations and Maps. Royal 8vo, 21s. net.

Sport and Politics under an Eastern Sky. With numerous Illustrations and Maps. Royal 8vo, 21s. net.

A Wandering Student in the Far East. With Maps and 60 Illustrations. 2 vols. short demy 8vo, 21s. net.

RUTHERFURD. The History of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Hunt. From 1775 to the present. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo. [*In the press.*

RUTLAND.

Notes of an Irish Tour in 1846. By the DUKE OF RUTLAND, G.C.B. (LORD JOHN MANNERS). New Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

The Collected Writings of Janetta, Duchess of Rutland. With Portrait and Illustrations. 2 vols. post 8vo, 15s. net.

Impressions of Bad-Homburg. Comprising a Short Account of the Women's Associations of Germany under the Red Cross. By the DUCHESS OF RUTLAND (LADY JOHN MANNERS). Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

Some Personal Recollections of the Later Years of the Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G. Sixth Edition. 6d.

Employment of Women in the Public Service. 6d.

RUTLAND.

Some of the Advantages of Easily Accessible Reading and Recreation Rooms and Free Libraries. With Remarks on Starting and Maintaining them. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 1s.

A Sequel to Rich Men's Dwellings, and other Occasional Papers. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

Encouraging Experiences of Reading and Recreation Rooms, Aims of Guilds, Nottingham Social Guide, Existing Institutions, &c., &c. Crown 8vo, 1s.

SAINTSBURY.

A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe. From the Earliest Texts to the Present Day. By GEORGE SAINTSBURY, M.A. (Oxon.) Hon. LL.D. (Aberd.), Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. In 3 vols. demy 8vo. Vol. I.—Classical and Mediæval Criticism. 16s. net.

Vol. II.—From the Renaissance to the Decline of Eighteenth Century Orthodoxy. 20s. net.
Vol. III.—Nineteenth Century. 20s. net.

Matthew Arnold. "Modern English Writers." Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d

The Flourishing of Romance and the Rise of Allegory (12th and 13th Centuries). "Periods of European Literature." Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

The Earlier Renaissance. "Periods of European Literature." Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

The Later Nineteenth Century. "Periods of European Literature." Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

"SCOLOPAX." A Book of the Snipe. By SCOLOPAX. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

SCOTT. Cursed Luck. By Sir J. GEORGE SCOTT, K.C.I.E. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

SCOTT. An Olive Leaf. By JAMES SCOTT. Crown 8vo, 1s. net.

SCOTT. Tom Cringle's Log. By MICHAEL SCOTT. New Edition. With 19 Full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

SCUDAMORE. Belgium and the Belgians. By CYRIL SCUDAMORE. With Illustrations. Square crown 8vo, 6s.

SELLAR. Recollections and Impressions. By E. M. SELLAR. With Eight Portraits. Fourth Impression. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

SELLAR.

Muggins of the Modern Side. By EDMUND SELLAR. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Glentyre. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Where Every Prospect Pleases. Crown 8vo, 6s.

SETH. A Study of Ethical Principles. By JAMES SETH, M.A., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Tenth Edition Revised. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d.

SHARPLEY. Aristophanes—Pax. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by H. SHARPLEY. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.

SHAW. Securities over Moveables. Four Lectures delivered at the Request of the Society of Accountants in Edinburgh, the Institute of Accountants and Actuaries in Glasgow, and the Institute of Bankers in Scotland in 1902-3. Demy 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

SHEEPSHANKS. Hector and Achilles: A Tale of Troy. By J. FINNEMORE. Rendered into English after the Chronicle of Homer. By RICHARD SHEEPSHANKS. Square Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

SILLERY. A Curtain of Cloud. By Major C. SILLERY. Crown 8vo, 6s.

SIMPSON. Side-Lights on Siberia. Some account of the Great Siberian Iron Road: The Prisons and Exile System. By Professor J. Y. SIMPSON, D.Sc. With numerous Illustrations and a Map. Demy 8vo, 16s.

SKELTON. The Handbook of Public Health. A New Edition, Revised by JAMES PATTEN MACDOUGALL, Advocate, Secretary to the Local Government Board for Scotland, Joint-Author of 'The Parish Council Guide for Scotland,' and ABIJAH MURRAY, Chief Clerk of the Local Government Board for Scotland. In Two Parts. Crown 8vo. Part I.—The Public Health (Scotland) Act, 1897, with Notes. 3s. 6d. net.

SKRINE. Fontenoy, and Great Britain's share in the War of the Austrian Succession. By F. H. SKRINE. With Map, Plans, and Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 21s. net.

SLATER.

From Mimosa Land. By FRANCIS CAREY SLATER. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

SMITH.

The Transition Period. "Periods of European Literature." By G. GREGORY SMITH. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

Specimens of Middle Scots. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

SNELL. The Fourteenth Century. "Periods of European Literature." By F. J. SNELL. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

"SON OF THE MARSHES, A."

From Spring to Fall; or, When Life Stirs. By "A SON OF THE MARSHES." Cheap Uniform Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Within an Hour of London Town: Among Wild Birds and their Haunts. Edited by J. A. OWEN. Cheap Uniform Edition. Cr. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

With the Woodlanders and by the Tide. Cheap Uniform Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

On Surrey Hills. Cheap Uniform Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Annals of a Fishing Village. Cheap Uniform Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

SORLEY.

The Ethics of Naturalism. By W. R. SORLEY, Litt.D., LL.D., Fellow of the British Academy, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Professor of Moral Philosophy, University of Cambridge. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Recent Tendencies in Ethics. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

SPROTT.

The Worship and Offices of the Church of Scotland. By GEORGE W. SPROTT, D.D. Crown 8vo, 6s.

The Book of Common Order of the Church of Scotland, commonly known as John Knox's Liturgy. With Historical Introduction and Illustrative Notes. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. net.

Scottish Liturgies of the Reign of James VI. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes. Crown 8vo, 4s. net.

Euchologion: A Book of Common Order. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. net.

STEEVENS.

Things Seen: Impressions of Men, Cities, and Books. By the late G. W. STEEVENS. Edited by G. S. STREET. With a Memoir by W. E. HENLEY, and a Photogravure reproduction of Collier's Portrait. Memorial Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

From Capetown to Ladysmith, and Egypt in 1898. Memorial Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

In India. With Map. Memorial Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

With Kitchener to Khartum. With 8 Maps and Plans. Memorial Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

The Land of the Dollar. Memorial Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Glimpses of Three Nations. Memorial Edition. Cr. 8vo, 6s.

Monologues of the Dead. Memorial Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

With the Conquering Turk. With 4 Maps. Ch. Ed. Cr. 8vo, 6s.

STEPHENS.

The Book of the Farm; detailing the Labours of the Farmer, Farm-Steward, Ploughman, Shepherd, Hedger, Farm-Labourer, Field-Worker, and Cattle-man. Illustrated with numerous Portraits of Animals and Engravings of Implements, and Plans of Farm Buildings. Fifth Edition. Revised, and in great part Re-written, by JAMES MACDONALD, F.R.S.E., Secretary Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland. Complete in Six Divisional Volumes, bound in cloth, each 10s. 6d. net, or handsomely bound, in 3 volumes with leather back and gilt top, £3, 8s. net.

STEPHENS. The Eddy. By RICCARDO STEPHENS. Crown 8vo, 6s.

STEVENSON. The Silver Spoon. By G. H. STEVENSON. Crown 8vo, 6s.

STEWART. Haud Immemor. Reminiscences of Legal and Social Life in Edinburgh and London, 1850-1900. By CHARLES STEWART. With 10 Photogravure Plates. Royal 8vo, 7s. 6d.

STEWART AND CUFF. Practical Nursing. By ISLA STEWART, Matron of St Bartholomew's Hospital, London; and HERBERT E. CUFF, M.D., F.R.C.S., Medical Superintendent North-Eastern Fever Hospital, Tottenham, London. With Diagrams. In 2 vols. crown 8vo. Vol. I. Second Edition. 3s. 6d. net. Vol. II., 3s. 6d. net.

Also in 1 Volume, 5s. net.

STODDART. Life and Letters of Hannah E. Pipe. By ANNA M. STODDART. With Portraits and Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 15s. net.

STORMONTH.

Dictionary of the English Language, Pronouncing, Etymological, and Explanatory. By the Rev. JAMES STORMONTH. Revised by the Rev. P. H. PHELP. Library Edition. New and Cheaper Edition, with Supplement. Imperial 8vo, handsomely bound in half morocco, 18s. net.

Etymological and Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language. Including a very Copious Selection of Scientific Terms. For use in Schools and Colleges, and as a Book of General Reference. The Pronunciation carefully revised by the Rev. P. H. PHELP, M.A. Cantab. Sixteenth Edition, Revised. Crown 8vo, pp. 1000. 5s. net.

Handy Dictionary. New Edition, thoroughly Revised. By WILLIAM BAYNE. 16mo, 1s.

STORY. William Wetmore Story and his Friends. From Letters, Diaries, and Recollections. By HENRY JAMES. With 2 Portraits. In 2 vols. post 8vo, 24s. net.

STRAIN. A Prophet's Reward. By E. H. STRAIN. Crown 8vo 6s.

SYNGE. The Story of the World. By M. B. SYNGE. With Coloured Frontispieces and numerous Illustrations by E. M. SYNGE, A.R.E., and Maps. 2 vols, 3s. 6d. each net.

THEOBALD. A Text-Book of Agricultural Zoology. By FRED. V. THEOBALD. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 8s. 6d.

THOMSON. Handy Book of the Flower-Garden. By DAVID THOMSON. Crown 8vo, 5s.

THOMSON. A Practical Treatise on the Cultivation of the Grape Vine. By WILLIAM THOMSON, Tweed Vineyards. Tenth Edition. 8vo, 5s.

THOMSON. History of the Fife Light Horse. By Colonel ANSTRUTHER THOMSON. With numerous Portraits. Small 4to, 21s. net.

THORBURN.

The Punjab in Peace and War. By S. S. THORBURN. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.

India's Saint and the Viceroy. A Novel. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THURSTON.

The Circle. By KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON. Ninth Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s.

John Chilcote, M.P. Fifteenth Impression, crown 8vo, 6s.
Cheap Edition, 1s. net.
People's Edition, paper cover, 6d.

The Mystics. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

The Fly on the Wheel. Crown 8vo, 6s.

TIELE. Elements of the Science of Religion. Part I.—Morphological. Part II.—Ontological. Being the Gifford Lectures delivered before the University of Edinburgh in 1896-98. By C. P. TIELE, Theol. D., Litt.D. (Bonon.), Hon. M.R.A.S., &c., Professor of the Science of Religion, in the University of Leiden. In 2 vols. post 8vo, 7s. 6d. net each.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE HIGHLAND AND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF SCOTLAND. Published annually, price 5s.

TRAVERS.

The Way of Escape. A Novel. By GRAHAM TRAVERS (Margaret Todd, M.D.) Second Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Windyhaugh. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Fellow Travellers. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

TRUSCOTT. The Marriage of Aminta. By L. PARRY TRUSCOTT. Crown 8vo, 6s.

TURNER. The History of Local Taxation in Scotland. By STANLEY HORSFALL TURNER, M.A. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

TWEEDIE. The Arabian Horse: His Country and People. By Major-General W. TWEEDIE, C.S.I., Bengal Staff Corps; for many years H.B.M.'s Consul-General, Baghdad, and Political Resident for the Government of India in Turkish Arabia. In one vol. royal 4to, with Seven Coloured Plates and other Illustrations, and a Map of the Country. Large Paper Edition. Price £6, 6s. net.

VAUGHAN. The Romantic Revolt. By Professor C. E. VAUGHAN. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

VOYAGE OF THE "SCOTIA," THE. Being the Record of a Voyage of Exploration in Antartic Seas. By THREE OF THE STAFF. Demy 8vo, 21s. net.

WADDELL.

Essays on Faith. By Rev. P. HATELY WADDELL, B.D. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Thoughts on Modern Mysticism. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

WAKE. Lady Wake's Reminiscences. By LUCY WAKE. With Portraits and Illustrations. Second Impression. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.

WALKER. The Letters of John Stuart Blackie to his Wife. With a few earlier ones to his parents. Selected and edited by his nephew, A. STODART WALKER. Second Impression. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.

WARREN'S (SAMUEL) WORKS:—

Diary of a Late Physician. Cloth, 2s. 6d.; boards, 2s.; paper cover, 1s.

Now and Then. The Lily and the Bee. Intellectual and Moral Development of the Present Age. 4s. 6d.

Essays: Critical, Imaginative, and Juridical. 5s.

WATSON. The Skipper. By GILBERT WATSON. Crown 8vo, 6s.

WATT. By Still Waters. By MACLEAN WATT. 1s. 6d. Leather, 2s.

WEIGALL.

Travels in the Upper Egyptian Deserts. By ARTHUR E. P. WEIGALL. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

The Life and Times of Akhnaton, Pharaoh of Egypt. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

WENLEY. Aspects of Pessimism. By R. M. WENLEY, M.A., D.Sc., D.Phil., Professor of Philosophy in the University of Michigan, U.S.A. Crown 8vo, 6s.

WHIBLEY.

Thackeray. "Modern English Writers." By CHARLES WHIBLEY. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

William Pitt. With Portraits and Caricatures. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

American Sketches. Crown 8vo, 6s.

WHISPER.

Black Mark. By A. WHISPER. Crown 8vo, 6s.

King and Captive. Crown 8vo, 6s.

WHYTE. The Templeton Tradition. By ADAM GOWANS WHYTE. Crown 8vo, 6s.

WILSON.

Works of Professor Wilson. Edited by his Son-in-Law, Professor FERRIER. 12 vols. crown 8vo, £2, 8s.

Christopher in his Sporting-Jacket. 2 vols., 8s.

Isle of Palms, City of the Plague, and other Poems. 4s.

Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life, and other Tales. 4s.

Essays, Critical and Imaginative. 4 vols., 16s.

The Noctes Ambrosianæ. 4 vols., 16s.

Homer and his Translators, and the Greek Drama. Crown 8vo, 4s.

WINRAM. Violin Playing and Violin Adjustment. By JAMES WINRAM. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

WORSLEY.

Homer's Odyssey. Translated into English Verse in the Spenserian Stanza. By PHILIP STANHOPE WORSLEY, M.A. New and Cheaper Edition. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

Homer's Iliad. Translated by P. S. Worsley and Prof. Conington. 2 vols. crown 8vo, 21s.

WOTHERSPOON.

Kyrie Eleison ("Lord, have Mercy"). A Manual of Private Prayers. With Notes and Additional Matter. By H. J. WOTHERSPOON, M.A., of St Oswald's, Edinburgh. Cloth, red edges, 1s. net; limp leather, 1s. 6d. net.

Before and After. Being Part I. of 'Kyrie Eleison.' Cloth, limp, 6d. net.

The Second Prayer Book of King Edward the Sixth (1552) along with the Liturgy of Compromise, edited by Rev. G. W. SPROTT, D.D. Crown 8vo, 4s. net.

11/10